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HOWEVER THE FALL-DOHENY TRIAL ends, the Navy Department stands guilty. The defense centered around an alleged war scare which was supposed to excuse the deal by which Doheny got the oil lands. Secretary Wilbur would not permit Admiral Robison to give details or name the Power, but everyone knew it was Japan. Now, these scare stories date from the days of and after the Washington Conference, at which Japan canceled her alliance with England, canceled the Lansing-Ishii agreement with America, agreed to return Shantung to China, and entered into a series of treaties to safeguard peace and the status quo in the Pacific. That conference caused a marked lessening of tension in the Pacific. Any war scare, at that precise time, was the purest bogy-man. We do not pretend to know whether Mr. Doheny invented the bugaboo in order to get his oil or whether there really were naval officers foolish enough to believe it. Enough has already been hinted to do a deal of damage to Japanese-American relations. Let us know the whole truth. Turn on the light, Mr. Wilbur! And is it not time for Mr. Hughes, father of the Washington Conference, to speak out?

GOVERNOR SMITH has won fresh laurels in the water-power fight in that he compelled by ten days of publicity the New York State Water-Power Commission, which is about to go out of existence, to forego its plans to lease the St. Lawrence River to the Aluminum Trust and allied interests. When the commission met on December 8 at the meeting at which it was to have given its approval to the proposed lease to the Frontier Corporation, which is jointly owned by the Aluminum Company of America, the Dupont interests, and the General Electric Company, the corporation itself wisely withdrew its acceptance of the proposed plan. On the following day the Northeastern Power Corporation withdrew its application for the creation of a river-regulating district on the Salmon River, which meant a power site on that river within the forest preserves. This is a magnificent victory, and not only for the Governor. The New York *World* again deserves the highest praise for its share in the campaign which resulted in so rapid a rousing of public opinion. The Water-Power Commission can now die an ignominious death, the Republican Party in the State of New York has once more thoroughly besmirched itself, and Governor Smith more than ever ranks as a defender of public rights. Will the Republicans now dare to oppose Governor Smith's program for a State Power Authority to take the State's "white coal" out of the hands of politicians?

THOUGH THE NUMBER OF MEN of courage and of zeal for truth and justice is steadily increasing in the South—witness the splendid fight made by R. Charlton Wright, publisher of the Columbia, South Carolina, *Record*, to bring about the punishment of the lynchers who butchered the three Negroes in Aiken on October 8—it is not often that a Southern man gets up before a Southern audience and says that "highfalutin talk about the beauty of Southern women and the chivalry of Southern men" cannot hide the lack of intellectual, artistic, social, and political progress. Professor Edwin Mims of Vanderbilt University spoke thus at the annual dinner of the New York Southern Society, and uttered among other reasonable sentiments the following: "The solidarity of the South is no longer a source of pride, but a humiliation to many of its most devoted men"; "the Southern States are still at the bottom of all statistics that register actual educational conditions of this country"; "it is also true that there is not a single university in the South that has adequate resources for the highest type of graduate work"; "even in politics an increasing number of business men (of the South) are no longer voting one way and praying another, but are following the dictates of their consciences and patriotism." He was equally outspoken in his opposition to Tennessee's anti-evolution law, which he described as the child of "political cowardice." He pointed out that the State of Georgia has recently sent to the penitentiary for from four years to life the leaders of a lynching mob, to date eleven men. This makes it easier for the brave editors of the South, such as Julian Harris in Georgia, Charlton Wright in South Carolina, and Desha Breckinridge in Kentucky, to cite only a few, to fight their unending battles for justice.

ALL HONOR TO THE BOARD OF REGENTS of the University of Utah! The Chamber of Commerce of Salt Lake City, the Commercial Club, the American Legion,

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and the usual list of patriotic societies recently undertook to prevent Scott Nearing from giving an address in connection with the University Extension course. He is and was a pacifist, a member of the Civil Liberties Union, a Socialist, and he opposed the entrance of the United States into the World War. Therefore these solemn bodies opined that it was their sacred duty to censor the course of lectures established by the university, and notified its authorities that in their judgment the mere presence of Scott Nearing, no matter how mild his utterances might be, would be "harmful to the university students." Wonderful to relate, the Governor of the State and the Mayor of Salt Lake City were to be found on the side of free speech, and when the protests of the Chamber of Commerce and its affiliated organizations came before the Board of Regents they *unanimously* voted to keep Scott Nearing on their roll of lecturers. We cannot too warmly commend this action. For a university board of control to allow commercial organizations to say what shall and what shall not be said on university platforms would be to abdicate the most sacred of their functions. The net result was, of course, that the Babbitts of Salt Lake so boomed Mr. Nearing's coming that it was necessary to take for his lecture the large Assembly Hall of the Mormon church.

THE GOOD OLD DAYS in which a vote was worth two bits and no more—unless it might be a glass of whiskey—are gone forever. Votes come higher nowadays; Senator-elect Vare has discovered how costly a Pennsylvania primary can be. And the voters of that State are discovering—although so far with no great show of indignation—that buying votes is not enough. Other subterfuges may be necessary in order to roll up a safe majority. Thus the investigation of the Philadelphia system discovered one vote recorded as cast by a man who died ten days before the election was held, and in one session of the court twenty-five witnesses testified that their votes had been falsely counted for Vare. Five members of one election board are already under arrest for fraud. In thirty districts of Philadelphia not one vote was counted for William B. Wilson, Vare's opponent. What is to be the outcome of this scandalous buying and stealing of votes? The Senate certainly should refuse to seat Senator Vare. But what are the people of Pennsylvania going to do? Nothing daunted by disclosures relating to their three-million-dollar primary, they elected the machine candidate in November. Or are they about to prove that they did not elect him and that he won the election by fraud alone?

AMONG THE ANNUAL REPORTS of the Cabinet officers the Postmaster General's stands out as the most striking, for he reports that he has cut his last year's deficit in half, reducing it by $19,772,647.87 to $19,972,379.42, and this in the face of an increase of more than $70,000,000 in the salary roll. There was an increase of 9.36 per cent in postage paid on mail, and the air mail earned $861,865.05 in excess of ordinary postal rates. Among the Postmaster General's commendable recommendations for legislation are one to exclude firearms from the mail, another to contract for group life-insurance for postal employees, and a third to reduce the postage rate on second-class transient matter. All of which shows clearly that if the Post Office Department is ever put on a purely business basis and the Postmaster General dropped from the Cabinet, where he has for generations been merely th political henchman of the President, the department can b made self-supporting. As for the other reports, those o the War and Navy departments are, as usual, demands fo more men and more money, while the Attorney Genera backs up the President in demanding that the prohibitio and anti-trust laws be made more stringent.

LITTLE BROTHER DIAZ, down in Nicaragua, ha learned something from association with the Stat Department in Washington. He knows that one of th safest ways to fight an opponent is to call him a Bolshevis And so, since Mexico has recognized the rival Sacasa regim in Nicaragua—and at least Sacasa has more constitutiona right to call himself President than Diaz—Diaz howls loudl that Sacasa and the Mexicans are all Bolshevists. It i absurd. It is still more absurd for the Associated Press t cable 1,500 words of Diaz's ranting to the United State and for respectable newspapers to print them. The bulk o Diaz's propaganda is suspicious. So far, he has proved tha Calles has recognized Sacasa, as he should, and that som Mexicans have shipped arms to him. Meanwhile Diaz him self is aided by United States marines and aviators; ou gunboats blockade the ports in his behalf; our State D partment and press associations act as his press agent It is a vast honor for a man who leaped into the Presider from an ill-paid job as secretary of an American mi corporation; and shoddy business for a great nation. is behind it?

JAPAN IS WEIRDLY MIXED of medieval and mod ern. A Buddhist priest who attempted to present petition to the Crown Prince provided himself wit a dagger to disembowel himself after so sacrilegiou an act; and the chief of police who did not prevent hi reaching the running-board of the royal automobile re signed in shame. On the other hand, Japan's Farmer Labor Party has all the modern frills. The right-win labor unions retired when the new party decided to admi Communists to membership. Oddly, however, it was th strong Peasants' Union which insisted on including th radicals. Now there will be two labor parties. Betwee them they represent only 150,000 organized workers, whil the latest census figures report 3,128,000 men and 1,562,00 women in industry (the latter a significantly modern fig ure). In any case, registration under the new Manhoo Suffrage Act is proceeding so slowly that Japan may hav to fight another election in large part on the old selectiv franchise. In diplomacy, meanwhile, Japan is ahead of th West. She is actively in negotiation with China for re vision of her thirty-year-old commercial treaty, and he methods reveal a thoroughly up-to-date understanding o the farcical art of international intercourse. The Japanes Minister and the Chinese Foreign Minister conferred fo three days before China presented her note suggestin revision. Every comma, apparently, was discussed befor the note was sent. And even then it was not published!

THE UPPER SILESIAN municipal elections last monti were very unsettling. The Poles had hoped for a de cisive victory, and the heavy German vote in the industria centers was a blow. The absurdly complicated arrangemen of frontiers made by the League of Nations to accommodat Poland in 1921 doubtless contributed to the result. Th

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ural vote went Polish, but the six chief industrial towns nd districts turned in 165,000 votes for the German party, 32,000 for Polish candidates, and 9,200 for Communist and ixed candidates. Kattowitz, the provincial capital, re-urned 34 Germans and 26 Poles. Five years of Polish ropaganda, the prosperity resulting from the British coal trike, suppression and terrorism where needed, and liberal elfare work just before the elections were counted on to wing the balance in Poland's favor. But the tradition f German skill and capital which built up the industry of Jpper Silesia (and incidentally Poland's interest in this rovince) is deep rooted. Moreover, the current dialect, Wasserpolnisch," is so much more like German than Polish hat in some cases Polish propagandists were forced to ddress their audiences in German to be understood at all. nd the Germans used to good advantage the contrast be-ween social progress in Germany since the revolution and onditions under the Polish dictatorship.

MUSSOLINI'S AMBITION to make the Adriatic an Italian lake is stirring the Balkans again. This time e seems to have negotiated a treaty virtually annexing lbania. Naturally, Jugoslavia is alarmed. Not that the erbs are devoted to the cause of Albanian independence— nerely that if Mussolini succeeds in pocketing Albania they ail. Albanian revolutions in the last decade have succeeded ne another with startling rapidity, and while Italy has d fondly on one party Jugoslavia has nursed the other. ..tchitch, the habitual Foreign Minister at Belgrade, has esigned in indignation, and at this crucial moment old Nikola Pachich, who was Serbia's Prime Minister in pre-var days and has occupied the post intermittently ever ince, has died. If Pachich's death brings Stefan Radich to he helm, as seems possible, it will be almost the veteran's reatest service to his country. Radich is a Croat, and his eadership would do much to unite the racial groups of the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes."

"INTERALLIED CONTROL" of Germany will cease on January 31, 1927. That is good news. The out-ome of the Geneva negotiations is a bargain, but a friendly argain, reinforcing the significantly growing good-will etween France and Germany. The control commission, itting in Berlin and prying into factories all over Ger-nany, has been an irritation from the start. Enforcement f the disarmament provisions of the Treaty of Versailles s to be turned over to the League Council. That body oo may have to settle the moot questions of the German ortifications in the East and of Germany's export of semi-nanufactured materials capable of use in war. Both these uestions go to the Council if the Conference of Ambassa-lors cannot settle them; Germany's proposal to refer them or arbitration to the World Court at the Hague was re-used—because, the correspondent of the New York *Times* avows, the members of the League Council have "a better dea of what was in the minds of the persons who drafted he Treaty of Versailles." It is bad business to tie the eague to that treaty.

THE HALL-STEVENS FAMILY have been acquitted. In most civilized countries private persons unjustly ac-used of crime may be indemnified from the public treas-ry. The British Parliament appropriated £5,000 in the eck case. Wisconsin and California allow an indemnity not to exceed $5,000 in any case of erroneous conviction of a completely innocent party. France, making concrete Voltaire's proposal, also confines the indemnity to persons unjustly convicted. But Germany, Austria, Hungary, Den-mark, Norway, Sweden, Portugal, and many of the Swiss cantons permit a wrongfully accused person to claim com-pensation from the state for the extraordinary sacrifice which he has borne. This is civilized. The state in the public interest of prosecuting crime takes from an innocent person his liberty and lays on him an extraordinary ex-pense. The people of the state should bear in common a loss which they have unjustly imposed on a single individ-ual. The indemnity also helps to reestablish a person's unjustly impugned reputation in the community. Our States should take up this matter by general legislation. A federal bill, making the United States responsible in case of erroneous conviction in the federal courts, introduced in 1913 by Senator Sutherland, now justice of the Supreme Court, was lost in the excitement incident to the war. Such a humanitarian measure should be revived.

IN THE *SURVEY GRAPHIC'S* long list of distinguished issues none is more stimulating or more provocative of thought and discussion than the recent number on "Woman's Place," edited by Mary Ross. Here we have an impressive summary of the results so far of the Women's Revolution, which may mark the first half of this century more deeply than any other social change. The emotional conflicts that confront the modern woman, the profound choices that are forced upon her, the subtle interactions in home life, in the relations of the sexes, in factory and office are here discussed lightly yet with informed wisdom. If the issue is free of merely spectacular testimony it is even more amazingly free of simple and general dicta. It is concrete and particular and balanced; if it appears par-tisan to the modern woman its bias is mainly a record of the way of life that the present and the future seem to offer. It is a fascinating textbook of woman in the modern world—worth keeping, after reading, as an historical docu-ment to look over in later years when women shall have found their sea legs and the impressive activities of the advancing women of today will seem like the earnest and awkward yet somehow promising movements of a landlubber on his first day out.

IF THE HAND OF PROVIDENCE had reached down and arrested the policemen who, on December 12, arrested ninety-eight persons in Irvington, N. J., for violating a 1798 law against working on Sunday, it would have been appro-priate. For the policemen, too, surely violated the law in performing their labors. They arrested bus-drivers, trolley conductors, merchants, gasoline vendors, bootblacks, and even the reporters and photographers who, for hire, had assembled to catch a news story. But nobody arrested the officers of the law or Recorder Frederic Stoddard, who fined each law-breaker—except himself and the policemen—two dollars. Clarence Darrow, who, at a recent *Nation* dinner, declared that the way to change an unpopular law is to dis-obey it, is thus proved both right and wrong. For the Blue Laws have certainly not been obeyed; for a full century they have been blandly, openly, and persistently ignored. Yet when, as in Irvington last Sunday, they are obeyed their absurdity becomes so evident that they must surely be brought nearer to repeal than by a century of neglect.

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Christmas Puddin'

A bag pudding the King did make,
And stuffed it well with plums,
And in it put great lumps of fat
As big as my two thumbs.

THERE were kings in those days. In our time kings no longer make plum-puddings. Perhaps that is why they are losing their thrones. But though royalty does not now mix bag puddings, that modern king of kings, the restaurant chef, does it on a larger scale than ever. A press dispatch from London, the capital of puddingdom, tells us that the chef of the Savoy opened the plum-pudding season some weeks ago and by early November had already made 2,000 pounds of this delectable dish for consumption in the United States—not to speak of keeping the home puddings boiling. The dispatch continues:

> No ritual could be more impressive to the epicure than to see Mr. Latry mix his first plum-pudding of the season. For thirty years he has assembled his assistants about him on a date fixed several weeks before Christmas. Then, with a flourish that might be taken from some quaint religious ceremony, he has poured the first bottle of brandy into the pudding mixture. A diminutive page-boy always makes the first stir.

When one reads a description like that one gets an inkling of the solidity of Great Britain. Plum-pudding, under the flag upon which the sun never sets, is not merely a food; it is a British institution. It may almost be called *the* British institution. Indeed it is probably the reason why the British have a flag that the sun never sets on and that others rarely sit on.

Christmas pudding, they like to call it in England, although the term should be reserved for an unusually rich and mellow one, specially destined for the holiday season. "Mix your puddings several weeks in advance," advises the chef of the Savoy, "and let the flavor improve." Several weeks? That would never have done in the good old days when King Arthur did the cooking. In less opportunist times than ours the open season for plum-pudding-making began as soon as summer was out of the way, but the product was preserved for the holiday season of the year thereafter, for its contents were such that it could be depended upon to carry out the principles of Dr. Coué; every day and in every way it grew better and better. In fact, a tip-top plum-pudding is so good that it is as excellent cold as hot. That it is often eaten that way is recalled by the story of the family butler who asked his mistress solicitously: "Will you heat your pudding cold or shall I 'eat it for you?"

We Americans have never got anywhere with pudding; neither in the making nor the eating of it. Pie is our national dish, and it is fit and proper that it should have no serious rival in our affections. In the direction of puddings we have a few weak sisters: rice, bread, tapioca, cabinet. They are baked puddings and as such are not really puddings at all. They are fluffy, unsubstantial confections which digest in two or three hours, whereas a real pudding is a sturdy dish for heroes and strong men. It is not baked but boiled in a bag like King Arthur's; and it doesn't leave you with an empty feeling a few hours after eating. It has a staying quality which has passed from it into the English people; it grapples the inside of the stomach and goes with you for the rest of the day. Th national wealth of Great Britain must go into Christma puddings if one may judge by the Savoy recipe:

> Twelve ounces Malaga raisins, 12 ounces currants, 12 ounces suet, 9 ounces flour, 4 ounces chopped apple, 1 ounce orange peel, 8 ounces brown sugar, half pint milk, 12 ounces Smyrna raisins, 12 ounces crystallized peel, 10 ounces bread crumbs, 1 ounce ginger, 1 ounce citron peel, 1 teaspoonful salt, 6 eggs, quarter of a pint of brandy or sherry.
>
> All the dry ingredients should be well mixed together. A little extra mixing well repays the trouble. Beat the eggs and add them to the milk, then pour over the dry ingredients and again mix thoroughly. Pack into greased molds and boil for six hours at the time of making. The puddings should be boiled for a further six hours when wanted for use. The best sauces are white, custard, or brandy sauce.

We do not make many puddings like that—fortunately perhaps, because this is no country in which to eat then When a true Christmas pudding does get itself made amon us it serves chiefly as a table ornament. Nobody eats mor than a bite or two—again fortunately. For America, a though a land of many blessings, has not a climate adapte to bold eating. It lacks the stimulus of those cold, p trating fogs, of that moisture-laden, marrow-piercing In our earlier outdoor days we were fair-to-middling eater but latterly there are everywhere signs of decay: cor sommés, salads, custards, and such flubdubbery. An American who has ever tried to eat his way through a da with an Englishman on his home grounds has tasted lif He starts off at nine o'clock (thank heaven, the Englis have a reasonable breakfast hour) with porridge, followe by finnan haddie or other salt fish, which leads up to bountiful plate of bacon and eggs, a pot of tea, and a gen erous portion of toast and marmalade with which to to off. The middle of the day calls for a light soup (say, puré of split pea), an evanescent mutton chop (two inches thick) a bursting potato, and a vegetable trifle like boiled cab bage. When this has been washed down with a pint o bitter one has laid a fitting foundation. He may dam u the rest of his stomach with plum-pudding, confident o some permanency in an otherwise mutable and dissolvin universe. But at four o'clock one puts one's legs under th table again for tea, toasted scones, and a few trivial slice of plum cake—presumably designed to clamp the puddin down. What an Englishman eats after that no America has ever found out, because he's stretched out on a sof asking for his passport home.

No, puddings are not for Americans, but they are th mainstay and the standby of every Briton-born. If not hi first thought, they are at least his last, as evidenced by th dialogue in an East End fried-fish shop:

"Gimme some fried fish."
"Hot or cold?"
"Hot."
"Eat it here or take it with yer?"
"Eat it here."
"Fork or fingers?"
"Aw [in disgust], gimme puddin'."

Some folks think it's patriotism that has made Grea Britain great. Tommyrot! It's puddin'.

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Calvin Coolidge, Socialist

IHAT was such a sensational message which President Coolidge sent to Congress on December 7 that the lew York *Times* placed over it the thrilling and unexected heading, "PRESIDENT URGES CAUTION ON CONGRESS." uperficially it is a cheerful Christmas message for all of ur citizens—but only superficially. True, in reporting on ie state of the Union he found it "impossible to characerize it other than one of general peace and prosperity." o this he added, with his delicate sense of what is new and tartling: "In some quarters our diplomacy is vexed with ifficult and as yet unsolved problems, but nowhere are we iet with armed conflict." With this assurance to his readrs that we have no private war going on under cover unnown to the public, he launched into a panegyric on conomy: "Nothing is more destructive of the progress of ie nation than government extravagance."

But this is not the most striking part of Mr. Coolidge's iessage, nor is the early keynote which reads thus: "What ie country requires is not so much new policies as a steady ontinuation of those which are already being crowned with ich abundant success." He sagely advises that it would be greatly for the welfare of the country if we avoided at ie present session all commitments except those of the most sing nature. From a reduction of the debt and taxes accrue a wider benefit to all the people of this country ian from embarking upon any new enterprise." However, e would have "a balanced portion of the surplus revenue" pplied not to the reduction of the debt but to the reduction f taxation. Nevertheless, he favors "a speedy reduction of ie debt as already required by law and in accordance ith the promises made to the holders of our Liberty onds"; but he also sees no reason why we should not come the relief of the taxpayers by "making reductions in the icome-tax payments which accrue on the 15th of March nd June, 1927." These are his "convictions stated with ill knowledge that it is for the Congress to decide whether iey judge it best to make such a reduction or leave the irplus for the present year to be applied to retirement of ie war debt." Having thus clearly and succinctly stated is opinions, Congress will, of course, know just how to act.

We confess to an uneasy feeling that the President, who as till now been rated as a very Gibraltar of conservatism, as succumbed to the insidious and soul-destroying propaanda of socialism. With alarm we find his keynote to be lvocacy of a socialistic dealing with the cotton situaon, urging that 4,000,000 bales of cotton be purchased id withheld from the market, thus interfering with the ormal functioning of the great law of supply and demand, hich is the very heart of private business. More than that, e urges "a reduction of about one-third in the [cotton] reage in the coming year." The virus has, however, fected him even more deeply than this. We find him urgg the lowering of all the freight rates of all the railroads r the benefit of all the farmers, demanding further conlidation of the railroads, and, most sinister of all, praising e Government Inland Waterways Corporation under which ie government operates boats on 2,500 miles of navigable reams, a violent government plunge into private business. t point after point he wishes to put the government into ivate business; he wants to broaden and strengthen fedal credit agencies which compete with private banks; he ishes to throw open more public lands for grazing in competition with privately owned lands; he calls for the development of those cooperative associations which some of our leading business men declare to be a step toward communistic marketing; he urges a legislative interference with the private bituminous coal industry by Congress in that he asks for the passage of legislation to enable him to interfere in any struggle between employers and employees, and in time of trouble to distribute coal and to *fix the price* of coal for the consumer. Next, he insists that the government rigidly supervise and control the private radio business by a radio board and the Department of Commerce.

Nor are these urgings that the government compete with private enterprise to be offset by the declaration that he is "in favor of reducing rather than expanding government bureaus which seek to regulate and control the business activities of the people." When he declares the next moment for a stricter enforcement of the prohibition amendment, advocates the extension of the Mississippi River transportation system, and refrains from urging the immediate transfer of our government-owned merchant marine to private hands we can readily see that unconsciously he has yielded to subtle influences which, as the Daughters of the Revolution and the American Legion so well know, strike directly at our fundamental liberties. What will these patriots do about it? We tremble as we await their decision.

Claude Monet, 1840-1926

THE death of Claude Monet is in a sense the death of impressionism itself. The thousands of impressionist pictures that are being turned out now, and that are likely to be turned out for generations to come, are at best the work of epigoni, at worst the result of a lifeless formula with slight relation to the life of our time.

The impressionists were a typical product of their experimental, individualist epoch. Nineteenth-century France, oscillating between revolution and reaction, republic and empire, civil and foreign war, witnessed a parallel oscillation in its cultural life. In art the classic and romantic, the realist, naturalist, and impressionist schools followed in rapid succession, each in its turn envisaging new aims, adopting new methods, accomplishing new triumphs, and each contributing its mite to the body of aesthetic riches which placed nineteenth-century France in the forefront of Europe. Other schools may have exercised a wider influence than impressionism; few have provoked more acrimonious controversy. Impressionist exhibitions were signals to battle in which every statute in the code of literary etiquette was violated. But the ferocious onslaughts of its enemies were more than matched by the passionate defense of its friends, Duret, Huysmans, Zola, Mirbeau, Mauclair, who in the end forced the recognition and acceptance of the new doctrine. Of this movement Monet was the most consistent protagonist. It was one of his own canvases exhibited in 1874 which gave the name to the movement; and since the age of sixteen, when Monet exhibited for the first time, and for almost seventy years thereafter, his work and person illustrated the halting beginning, the gradual development, and the culminating perfection of the entire impressionist school.

Impressionism sought to grip and stay the momentary impressions of things, men, and events, to render concrete and permanent the fleeting, changing aspects that colored and characterized the life of the nineteenth century. "Tout

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est à peindre." Crooked alleys and spacious boulevards, rickety shanties and magnificent cathedrals, the race track, the bar room, the dance hall—all the variegated modernity, crossed at certain points by traces of the medieval and ancient epochs, entered the impressionist's angle of vision. Monet himself painted still-lifes, genre pictures, portraits, but it was light playing on field, sky, and water which formed the true subject of his most characteristic pictures. The commonly accepted practice among artists to divide the march of seasons and the passage of hours into summer, winter, spring, and fall, and morning, evening, day, and night, is arbitrary and artificial. There are numberless gradations within these divisions; every hour of the day is different from every other hour of the same day. The world is to the impressionist a stream of unique sense-impressions seen once and never to be repeated. Accordingly, Monet painted his haystacks, water lilies, poplars, cathedrals.

The new aims which the impressionists had set themselves required a revision of old methods. While some influences may be traced in part to Japanese art, and to Constable and Delacroix, more important still were the scientific discoveries of Chevreul and Rood. Color was raised to a higher pitch and greater variety by concentrating light upon it. A more vigorous brushwork was practiced and the new technique of *pointillisme* was developed, in which spectral colors were used without being mixed on the palette but placed in small dots and in complementary juxtaposition direct on canvas, where, seen from a certain distance, they blend, giving the desired hue with great brilliance. Even the shadows were made aglow with color and vibration.

His eyesight failing and his general health weakened, Monet passed his last years at Giverny. He had lived long enough to see the triumph of the principles for which he fought. Impressionism, which began as a rebellion against the academy, ironically enough was later sanctified in academic circles and even used as a club against the newer tendencies. It is gratifying, however, to know that Monet himself was more tolerant toward these newer tendencies; and, remembering perhaps his own early struggles, he had even words of praise for their "esprit de bataille et de découverte."

Friar Bacon

AT a memorial meeting in honor of the late Professor Newbolt of the University of Pennsylvania two members of the Department of Chemistry at that institution announced the performance of an odd experiment. Working upon a hitherto unknown formula recorded in cipher by Roger Bacon, they succeeded in producing a certain salt of copper, and, though the cumbersome formula is useless, the result of the experiment is to vindicate Professor Newbolt's reading of a strange manuscript and to remind the public again of one of the most remarkable adventures of modern paleography.

About fourteen years ago a well-known dealer brought to this country a fascinating vellum volume of which the documentary history could not be traced farther back than 1665, but which appeared to be an original production of Roger Bacon. Adorned with various drawings of cell development and other microscopic details of plant structure, and having the superficial appearance of a treatise on alchemy, it was eagerly scanned by scholars on account of the half-historical, half-legendary position of its author as a man centuries in advance of the scientific knowledge o his contemporaries and possessed of secrets not known t others until they were rediscovered centuries later. Th text of the work was mere gibberish, but, since Bacon wa reputed to have concealed much of his knowledge rathe than increase an already dangerous reputation as a magi cian, a cipher was suspected. Various experts failed, how ever, to make anything out of it until Mr. Newbol announced before a meeting of the American Philosophica Society in 1921 that he had found the key. Under a len each letter was seen to be composed of a number of separat strokes, and these strokes were the symbols used in a know system of Greek shorthand. Pursuing this discovery Mr Newbolt was able to decipher considerable portions of th text and, to his amazement, brought to light records o historical events, astrological observations, and bits of philo sophical and scientific theory which had doubtless bee securely locked there since Bacon died late in the thirteent century. In the opinion of some, the manuscript demon strated his knowledge of the compound microscope, an certainly he had observed certain details of living organism not again noted for four hundred years, until the days o Leeuwenhoek and Hamm. Unfortunately, however, th cipher was not completely unambiguous. It seemed to allo considerable latitude for the exercise of ingenuity in inte pretation, and there were some, not wholly convinced, w argued that perhaps Mr. Newbolt, though perfectly sin was reading into the mysterious symbols the contents o own unconscious mind, so that he died without having wo entire acceptance for his reading.

Now, however, the experiment at Pennsylvania seem to have applied the best possible sort of objective test, an the result is both to vindicate Mr. Newbolt and to add su port to the long-enduring legend of Friar Bacon. Not on will it awaken the keenest interest of all serious medieva ists and doubtless stimulate someone to complete Mr. New bolt's translation but it will come as a comfort also t those of romantic disposition whom it pleases to see pi turesque legends maintained. Nor does the support com any too soon, for the fame of the friar has been sad dimmed of late. In the days of Shakespeare every stre urchin had heard of the wonderful brazen head which h was supposed to have made speak and many had seen hi appear as a sort of Faustus upon the contemporary stag today not everybody can distinguish him very clearl from "the author of Shakespeare's plays" and his legen has not escaped the destructive criticism of scholars. I his monumental "History of Magic and Experiment Science During the First Thirteen Centuries of Our Era Lynn Thorndike not only questions the old story of h persecution by the church but attempts as well to prune o its extravagances the legend of his almost superhuman wi dom, stoutly maintaining that Bacon was more conspicu ously a man of his age than one who transcended it. Nov however, the remarkable cipher throws a new glamor abou his name: he was engaged in making actual, detailed scientific observations, and for some reason, real or fanc ful, he did think it necessary to record his thoughts in laboriously indirect fashion. For once then, minute inve tigation comes to the rescue of romance, and we are a liberty again to fancy the friar, solitary in the cold cell o his cloister, penetrating secrets which were to be his alon for centuries, one more example of

A mind forever
Voyaging through strange seas of thought, alone.

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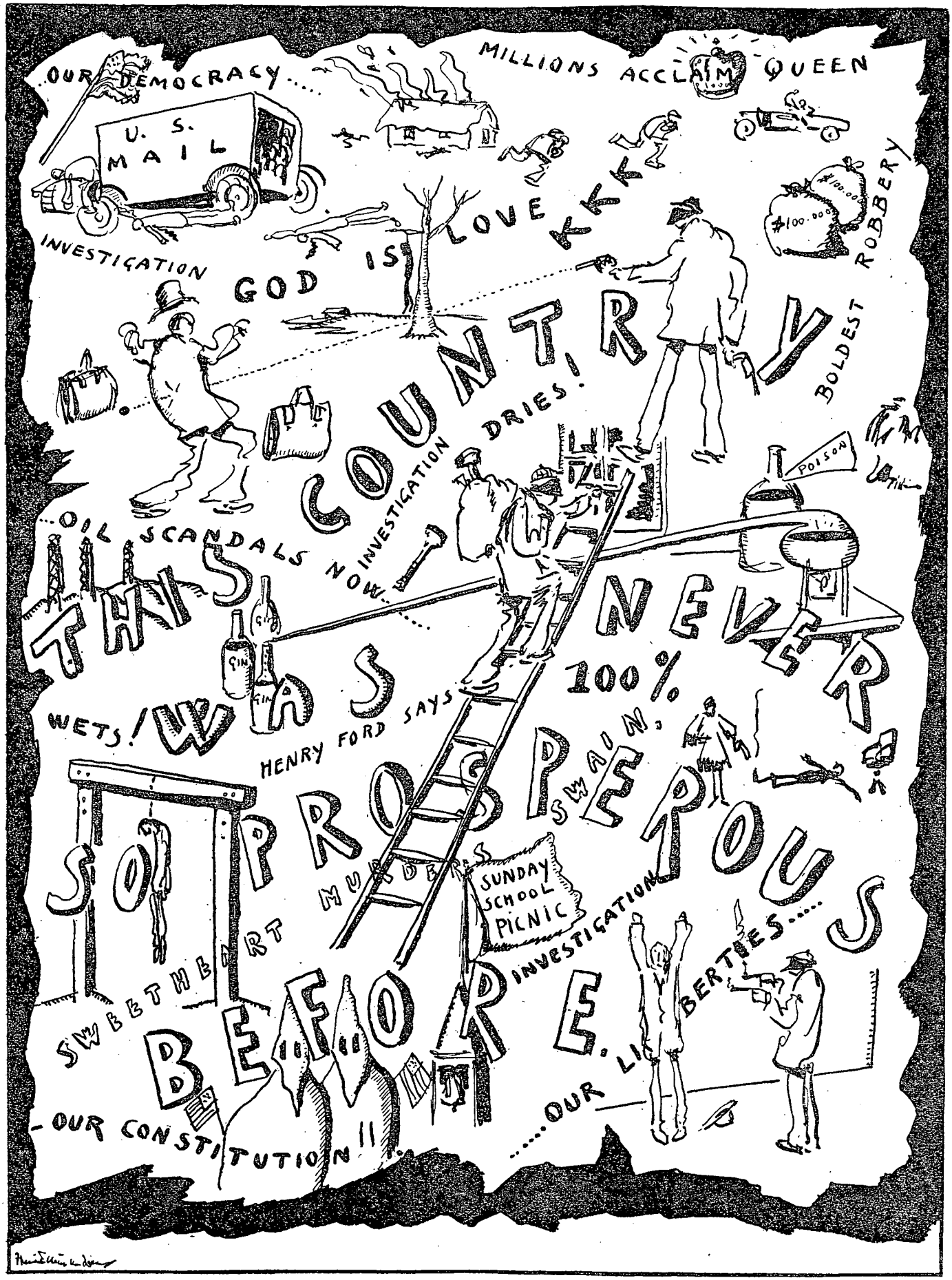

On reading the first batch of home newspapers after an absence of three weeks in Europe

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Doheny—A Portrait in Oil

By RAYMOND CLAPPER

CONSOLED by the presence of his family and his staff of high-priced lawyers, E. L. Doheny sits in criminal court at Washington bearing with the patient countenance of misjudged virtue the insinuations of government prosecutors who charge that he gave a Cabinet officer $100,000 to get naval oil reserves worth $100,000,000.

This florid little man is smiling in such a friendly way that we feel unkind even to suspect him. We listen to his able counsel and almost believe that the republic is an ingrate to try this man for criminal conspiracy.

For Mr. Doheny, it seems, is the unfortunate victim of a malady somewhat like that of the lamented Midas. Everything he touches turns to oil. He can't help it. In the early seventies he started, penniless, south from Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, in charge of a bunch of shave-tail mules. For every one of those mules he finally brought back a fine large oil company paying enough dividends to support for the time being most of the good lawyers in Washington, D. C. He prospected for gold and silver in New Mexico, discovered the Los Angeles and other California oil fields, went into Mexico and discovered the Tampico fields, and finally pried open the great Elk Hills naval oil reserve in California. This last deal, he said, should return him $100,000,000, and his earlier ventures also were not without profit.

Mr. Doheny took the witness stand and told part of this story. He told how he had been the town surveyor in Atchison, Kansas; horse-trader in Oklahoma, soldier in the Indian wars, school-teacher, law student, miner, oil prospector, making fortunes and losing them, finally coming out as the largest property holder in Mexico, many times a millionaire. Young members on the jury had read such stories in dime thrillers. Here was a worthy model for Horatio Alger in the flesh.

Riches have never kept him from Doing Good. Sometimes one feels, listening to his able counsel, that he was a dealer in good deeds rather than oil. He was president of the (very) Practical Patriots' League of Los Angeles. His friend President Obregon in Mexico needed money. Mr. Doheny is glad to oblige with a $10,000,000 loan. His friend in Washington needs money. "Here, Ned, put this $100,000 in the brown satchel and take it down to Albert." His country needs help. The Japs are coming to attack us. The armament conference won't save us. The navy must have oil tanks at Hawaii. "I'll save the country from the Japs. I'll build you some tanks without one dollar of profit if it takes every cent I've got." Some have suspected that he went into Mexico to make money. It is true that he did buy up 280,000 acres near Tampico for slightly more than $1 an acre from the descendant of a Spanish family which had held the land since the sixteenth century. This man had no idea his land was being bought as one of the world's richest oil fields. But as Doheny said, "years later, he was still my warm friend and never expressed any regret that he had parted with the property which afterwards proved to be more valuable than he supposed it to be."

> The original discoverers of this wonderful oil region were Americans [Mr. Doheny said in a letter to Mark L. Requa, United States Fuel Oil Administrator, March 15, 1918]. Their proposed efforts in Mexico were welcomed by the government of that republic, which desired to stimulate new industries therein; by the railroad company near whose line the first development was undertaken and which hoped to and did benefit by the development of a superior locomotive fuel supply at 50 per cent of the cost of that which theretofore had been imported for its use; by the merchants of Tampico and vicinity whose business promised to be enhanced by activities thus initiated; by landowners of the region about Tampico who anticipated wider markets for their products and better prices for lands which might be supposed to contain petroleum. Even the laborers, known as peons, who could not then realize the advantage which might accrue to them, have since shown their appreciation and gratitude, by kindly feelings and helpful actions, for the treatment which these Americans accorded to them and which became possible only through the successful carrying on of the plans of these prospectors.

In its earlier years this was a somewhat discouraging venture. Nearly $3,000,000 was spent before any substantial revenue developed. Many stockholders dropped out. Doheny picked up their holdings. From a one-eighth owner he became the holder of 40 per cent of the stock. Companies in which he is interested control 1,500,000 acres the Tampico district, operate thirty-one tank vessels and hire many more, own 1,700 tank cars and 600 miles of pipe line. The Pan-American Petroleum and Transport Company, which got the Elk Hills naval oil lease, had a net operating income in 1925 of $32,000,000 after depletion allowances were taken out. Its assets are about $189,000,000. Although control of this gigantic holding company has passed into the hands of the Standard Oil of Indiana since the naval oil leases were made in 1922, Doheny retains a large interest in it, and in some twenty or more other oil and related concerns.

When there is anything to be done, Doheny lets nothing stand in his way. Toward the end of the Wilson Administration when he was in difficulty in Mexico, he hired Democratic job-holders as fast as they would come to him. McAdoo drew $250,000 in salaries from Doheny for pressing his oil claims in Mexico. Before Franklin K. Lane resigned as Wilson's Secretary of Interior, Doheny arranged to take him on his pay roll. He also took Lane's bright young secretary, J. J. Cotter. Former Attorney General Gregory was hired jointly by Doheny and other oil interests to handle claims for them.

Possibly the initiative has not always been on the side of Doheny. It was Fall who wanted the $100,000. Doheny has many times found hard-up politicians only too eager to take his money. Probably his code of political ethics has suffered considerably from associations. Perhaps he played the game according to the only rules he knew—rules already set when he came on the scene looking for a stake. And he had the courage to take the witness stand and defend that code against cross-examination by one of the ablest lawyers in the country.

This is the man who told the Senate committee: "I am just an ordinary, old-time, impulsive, irresponsible, improvident sort of a prospector."

Just about as improvident as Calvin Coolidge.

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An Air Law for America

By M. W. ROYSE

THE long arm of the law has reached up at last into airspace. With the passage of the Air Commerce Act the last "free domain" may be said to have passed out of existence, over the protests of those who urged the old States' rights theory to prove that each State owned its airspace with no room for federal meddling, and of those who dramatically pleaded for one natural medium unlimited by man-made law.

European airmen have never stopped wondering at our backwardness in aviation. America, with its long distances, its comparatively few railroads and great resources should be leading the world in air transportation. As it was, until this year, we could not credit ourselves with even one commercial air-transportation line. Aviation reports broadcast the fact that thousands of Americans take air passage each year but these passengers are merely up for a joy-hop and not travelers going from one place to another. There is no actual air traffic. Europe, on the other hand, in spite of its miniature distances and criss-crossing railroads, its alleged old-world conservatism and post-war economic troubles, has developed a complete air-transportation system. So complete has this air development been that practically every large city in Europe has air connections with others. Today Europe can be crossed in one-fourth the fastest train time at only twice the railroad rates.

Air development in America was difficult as long as our government remained aloof, withholding from aviation even the ordinary licensing and inspection aid given shipping and the railroads. Pilots without licenses flew airplanes which had never been inspected, resulting in hundreds of crashes. Insurance rates mounted skywards and financial circles refused to support the industry. The public came to regard aviation as a dangerous sport and the airplane as a stunt machine whose chief function was to thrill people at fairs. Few Americans today think of aviation as an everyday means of transportation.

"Free air" proved itself a disastrous luxury for American commercial aviation. Government regulation, if carried out with some degree of efficiency, could have prevented many of the 508 crashes of the past three years. These crashes were caused by unairworthy machines, errors in piloting, lack of terminals, routes, and weather data. Government reports attribute 91 per cent of all the accidents to the itinerant fliers who operate without a fixed base, "through inexperience and the use of cheap and unsafe equipment." Until very recently there were no air routes, licenses, and inspections, no weather reports for airmen, no government terminals except military fields, although there were 124 aerial companies already in existence with 162 private airports located throughout the country, with some 1,100 airplanes in operation. Recently a plane crashed near Garden City, killing its passenger. Upon investigation it was found that its pilot was not a licensed airman. His main occupation in life was selling cigars and sandwiches near the flying field. Between hours he had taken a few lessons in flying, later buying a machine and embarking in the passenger-carrying business. This pilot legally was innocent, as no license or inspection regulations existed and he had therefore broken no law in risking the lives of his passengers. The past six years have seen hundreds of such cases. To the average person any pilot clad in helmet and goggle is sufficient assurance of a safe flight. Rarely is a pilot asked for his certificate of competency, or for an inspection card showing his plane to be airworthy. Private air schools of one sort or another are still graduating pilots with a bare four hours' training. Until the air law goes into effect these "graduate" pilots will be touring the country, risking the necks of thousands of passengers.

It is popularly thought that the past six years have served their purpose as the pioneering stage of commercial aviation in America. What really happened was a mushroom growth of small dealers who sold war-stock airplanes to ex-service pilots who in turn barnstormed the countryside as "gipsies," stunting at fairs and in general giving people the thrills of a flight. Occasional crashes helped spread the popular notion that aviation was a dangerous sport fit only for the young and bold. Gipsy flying made experienced airmen out of pilots, but it also gave the circus stamp to commercial aviation. Contrast this "pioneering" with the six years' experience of European air lines, operating under the control of licensed pilots on regular schedule time and competing with rail and water transportation.

Our new air law is at least a good start. It provides for a Bureau of Civil Aeronautics in the Department of Commerce. This bureau, under an Assistant Secretary for Air, has charge of federal inspection of aircraft, crews, and airdromes and the establishment and enforcement of air navigation rules. It will also furnish aids to air navigation by approving and charting air routes, establishing air lighthouses and signal stations, furnishing suitable weather reports, and providing at the government fields, in cases of emergency, supplies and repairs at their fair market value. It is to be hoped that there will be no rigid restrictions tending to stifle new experiments. The Assistant Secretary of Commerce for Air is given plenty of latitude for real action. There is, of course, a danger that he may create inspection bureaus which, as they did in England, may interfere with scientific research by hemming in experimenters with rigid bureaucratic regulations and over-strict artificial standards. This danger is more than apparent, and has already appeared in the preliminary draft of a proposed code. Last fall an Englishman, after building a light-motor airplane to be sold at cheap popular price, found that the inspection officials had altered his design so much as to make his machine an expensive regulation airplane. Most of the light parts in this design had been made heavier. These changes called for a larger motor which in turn greatly increased the price and destroyed all the commercial value possessed by the original design. If wisely executed our new air law will in no way hamper experimentation. Special provision is made for trials giving the individual complete freedom to test and fly new inventions no matter how freakish they are so long as they do not endanger the public safety. No machine, however, will be permitted to carry passengers unless it has been inspected and licensed as a public carrier. European air laws carefully protect the public against the unproved freak machine, but they in no way prohibit the building and testing of such experimental

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freaks, from helicopters to tailless and wingless machines.

Safe air travel will be the primary aim of the new Air Board. Public confidence in air travel must be created. To accomplish this, air accidents must be decreased to a percentage lower even than railroad casualties. In Germany a rigid system of inspection and licensing has helped cut accidents to a negligible ratio. The following experts' list of "six requisites for safe flying" will serve as a basis for the new air regulations:

1. A machine, sound aerodynamically and structurally.
2. A reliable engine of sufficient power.
3. A competent, conservative pilot and navigator.
4. Airports and emergency landing fields, sufficiently close together to insure gliding to safety.
5. Nation-wide weather forecast, specialized and adapted to the need of fliers.
6. Adequate charts of air routes.

To make air travel safe much more is needed than regulations. There must be well-equipped airways. A competent air line between New York and Chicago must have emergency fields every fifty miles for forced landings, and the airports must be large enough, and must be properly drained and maintained, all of which involves a high outlay of capital. In Europe no private company has been able to do this. European commercial aviation, after a seven years' tryout, seems to fall for the present into that category of industries which cannot exist without direct government aid. American aviation men resent this. They declare that no government help is wanted or needed. But this hardly tallies with the results of the first six months' operation of our first American airline or with European experience. Until airplanes can be built and operated at reduced costs with greater carrying capacity, less fuel consumption, with more reliable power and more certain navigation instruments, in other words, until air transportation is made safer and cheaper the independent air line will find itself hard pressed making ends meet. Not an airline in all Europe, notwithstanding the great air development, is making profits. The most efficient airlines, such as the Dutch KLM, bring in but 60 per cent of the operating costs. Last spring the greatest air transportation system in the world, the Junkers concern, with ramifications extending into Asia, went bankrupt with a loss to the German Government of over $5,000,000. The total receipts of the average line operating in Europe is about 50 per cent of the cost of operation. The various governments by means of direct cash subsidies supply the deficit.

A privately owned air line, operating here or abroad, has three means of support open to it. It can receive direct cash subsidies from the government on the basis of forming a vital arm of the national defense. Secondly, a private line can appeal to municipalities, local governments, and civic bodies on patriotic grounds and as a public utility. The German lines in this way have persuaded many municipalities and most of the local states to buy large blocks of their shares. Airdromes and free local publicity are also obtained in this way. Thirdly, an air line can operate independently as a private concern similar to any other private business, with only mail contracts to bolster up its income. For America the first two methods, direct national subsidies and indirect state or municipal subsidies, may be dismissed at once as opposed to American tradition. Only the third method is open here to airmen, and on this basis several air lines are now in operation, with mail contracts as the only guaranty of traffic. Following the European practice, chambers of commerce and other local organizations were appealed to for help. Cities along the air route responded by promising to send a minimum amount of mail via the air. It is still far too early to judge, but one air line has already changed ownership, and the largest air line operating through the Middle West is finding its pioneering extremely costly.

Another plan—well known in Europe and not untried here—has been proposed as the practical solution for American commercial aviation. It is federal ownership and operation of several main trunk lines. This would involve no radical step, as it should be recalled that our federal air-mail service has been in operation for eight years, during which time it has established a world record in efficiency. In the fiscal year ended last July the federal air-mail service covered about 2.5 million miles, nearly half of which were flown at night. Schedules were maintained to a degree not far below that of many railroads, 93.73 per cent of the scheduled trips being completed on the entire system with even a better performance record of 94.22 per cent for the New York-Chicago night service.

Our air-mail service is pointed to everywhere abroad as the only contribution we have thus far made to air transportation. Only the government could have undertaken and carried through so enormous an undertaking as the coast-to-coast trunk line, with its emergency fields, lights, stations, weather-reporting system, and night-flying equipment. The transcontinental route from New York to San Francisco alone includes eighteen regular, fully equipped air stations and ninety-two intermediate landing fields. Operation costs for the federal air mail last year amounted to $2,782,422. Cost of operation always exceeded its revenues, but the annual deficit had steadily been decreased. Had the government retained its air-mail service and simply widened its service to include passengers we would have had government-owned-and-operated air lines. The experiment would have been interesting. Personnel and equipment, airdromes, emergency fields, signal service, and a vast technical bureau were already on hand. The service was noted for its efficiency. Not a breath of scandal touched its reputation. It was altogether an ideal setting for the inauguration of government air-transportation lines. The government, however, has taken the opposite direction. Fourteen private lines are already carrying mail. By next summer our entire air-mail service will be under private control and operation.

It is only partly true that commercial aviation, as some critics would have it, is only another weapon in disguise, to be kept running in peace time and used in war. The system of air lines in Europe no doubt plays a major role in the plans for national defense, and it is well known that the real object of the foreign air subsidies is military air power, but the ultimate value of aircraft lies in its purely civil function as a great reducer of time and distance. Aerial transportation is not a paying proposition now, but the fact remains that in the airplane we have a means of reducing our present traveling time by 400 per cent, with unlimited possibilities for further development. The new air law, if enforced by wise regulations, will at least give American airmen a fair chance—their first chance—at commercial aviation. The odds for the present are against them, judging by European standards, but it is not unlikely that American methods may show Europe how to turn an air-transportation line into a profitable business.

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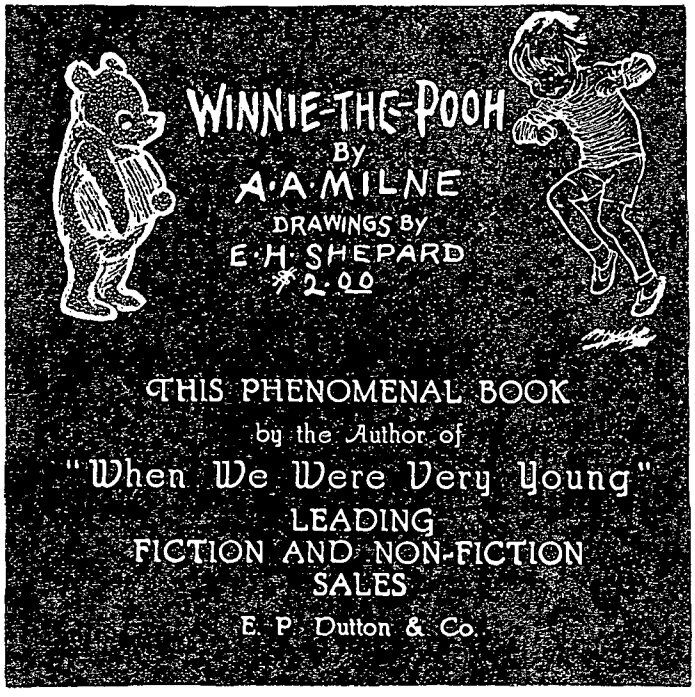

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These Modern Women

The Peacock's Tail

ANONYMOUS

MOTHER aspired to have a home of her own free of mortgages, children who would grow up and settle near her, each in a home free of mortgages; and a solid place in the respect of the New England rural community where her ancestors felled primeval forests and slaughtered wolf-packs.

This ambition could have been realized almost without effort in the natural course of things had she not, ironically, wished also for a "smart" husband. This yearning was the only colored thread in the fabric of her make-up. She waited until her late twenties for Prince Charming, supporting herself by school-teaching. An oddity of sex-selection: this little brown hen of a woman, with pink cheeks and dark eyes, pecking modestly away, pretending to look only at the wheat-grains before her, and watching all the while for the multi-color of a peacock's tail.

Peacocks and exciting men are hard to find in the sterile back country of northern Vermont; but mother with a hard eye rejected the well-to-do and the dumb. Her reputation as a pedagogue and disciplinarian waxed as she marked time and looked through schoolhouse windows for the gleam of a poet's hair.

Life played a story-book trick. Into the drab neighborhood where she pounded the three R's into slow-witted heads came a romantic troubadour, the like of whom had never illuminated the place before or will again. He was a young man of twenty-one who was going through the country admiring the scenery, reading Keats under trees, and teaching neighborhood "singing schools" by night to pay his way. Photographs taken at the time show a tall, beautiful youth, with hair thrown back from an intellectual brow, a sensitive face, and eyes burning with—let us say genius, for so it seemed to mother. They were dark-blue eyes, expressive, glowing.

Mother knew what she wanted and lost no time in annexing it.

Alas, for the home free of mortgages, the building of a substantial family clan. These essentials in her picture of the good life she was never to have. She underwrote her genius husband while he tilted at windmills. He had to be financed through bar examinations, through the stage of getting a professional foothold. Clients were few and were largely under-dogs, for father had a poet's passion for the oppressed and a poet's dislike of being bored. He wrote fiery pamphlets protesting against injustice in various forms—for the printing of which mother paid.

Mother is rounding out this year a solid half century of school-teaching. Her six children were born prudently in vacation time. I came in the Christmas holidays, the first child of an incongruous and bitterly unhappy marriage.

I was physically backward and mentally precocious. "At the age of twelve months you were a fat, clumsy baby without a tooth, and you looked at your toys and poked them instead of playing with them. You would never build houses with blocks, but you began learning the alphabet from them when you were a year old. You would hold up blocks and ask questions about the pictures and letters. By the age of seventeen months you knew the alphabet, but you weren't so good at walking. You tumbled and got many bumps." So wrote mother when I asked her for details.

Mother wrote, too, that I was a sickly child, that my life, in its first few months, was despaired of. I was much dandled and hovered over. My father walked the floor with me night after night. Was this spoiling the beginning of the yeasty ego, the Luciferian pride which makes me hanker for a superman?

I want a man like my father! Not like father as he actually was, but like father as he seemed in the first eight or ten years of my life. This is a large order. No living person can give me the excitement I got at eight years old when father took me on his knee and in vivid Anglo-Saxon words "popularized" for me the theories of Darwin. He was a walking Book of Knowledge. He was delightful; he loved me, he was my slave.

I want a man like that. And he'd better not fall down, as father did to my undying grief and disillusion, in practical details of living which any moron manages with ease. He must not play the violin while the upper field is waiting to be plowed.

The myth of this man, the urge to find him, has been at once my greatest spur to adventure and achievement and a pest of the first magnitude. His actual non-existence is chronically annoying; but that doesn't prevent my seeking. It pushed me out of my backwoods environment; it sent me traveling, experimenting, studying. It prodded me until I could earn my living. It put me into strikes, an amateur Joan of Arc. It projected me into the Middle West in the campaign which gave Wilson his chance to keep us out of war; it has pinned my hopes on utopias of all kinds. Whenever I find my energies flowing out in a large and embattled way I can, in five minutes of reflection, discover trails which twist and tangle, cross and recross, join at last, and lead back to a tall man with dark-blue, animated eyes, sitting in a smoke-browned New England kitchen, talking passionately, talking, talking. . . .

My sister, a year and a half younger, did not share my adoration of father. She found him, on the contrary, an unendurable bore. She ran away from the conversation that charmed me. She, too, was a precocious child—but her precocity differed from mine. She had no curious hunger for the alphabet, no special affinity for the printed page. But she could run swiftly on sure feet at the age of nine months, and she used with skill the blocks and toys which I had only looked at meditatively. When we were old enough to help about the house, my cakes burned and my jelly would not "jell"; for me the cows refused to yield their milk, and horses, feeling my hands upon the reins, ignored me. But my sister excelled at housekeeping and managing the farm animals. She loved to drive the harrows and horse-rakes. She was famous for fast running and high climbing. But with all her daring and capacity for man's work she is not a feminist. She is a well-adjusted wife and mother, and a leader in Farm Bureau and rural-school activities. There is not an impractical fiber in her

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make-up. No trace of father is visible in the silent, prudent, capable man she chose for a husband.

Is the modern woman conditioned by what the Freudians call a "father complex"? Do her emotions search for satisfactions that never existed and thus lose their relation to biological processes? Perhaps this is true, and yet—— There was mother, a stodgy, quiet woman, not an intellectual, and herself without a scintillating father; mother and her one aberrant quality: a desire for a colorful mate, a disgust with all dull men.

Physically I am almost a replica of mother. Yet I carry in my harassed inwards the conflicts of both my parents. I could, I think, write extraordinary literature—if I did not have to toil on bread-and-butter copy. That is like father. I have mother's liking for security and stability.

I have been married ten years, satisfactorily as marriage goes, to a man a trifle like father. He cares too much about amusing living to be a proper Rotarian and go-getter. Yet he does not measure up to the myth—no man could. However, I have weathered my disappointment; I stand off and look at the situation from the outside, laugh at it, manage it a bit. Only this saves my very agreeable husband from a horrid fate.

I consider our marriage permanent. The realities of marriage have had a tendency to terminate my long quest. In making a tolerable life of sex and friendship, in earning my living, in fighting for the kind of work I want, emergencies have arisen in which it has been necessary to look at impedimenta critically and to modify feelings and habits of dubious worth. So a pioneer crossing a ford might be compelled to throw overboard grandfather's clock—might discover, too, as he watched its ancient form go bumping down the stream that he was glad to be rid of its bulk and its everlasting ticking. My common sense long ago convinced me that my search for a Prince Charming should no longer be conducted with a view to practical results. It is still true, however, that the same old dynamo furnishes the motive power for my actions. As a little girl I worked for good report-cards to draw a friendly glint from father's eye. I would come home from Normal School in my teens and preen before him in my new learning.

After childhood was over and I turned to the business of earning a living and finding a mate, there were years when I scarcely gave my father a thought. But as a young newspaper reporter I dogged the footsteps of intellectual men. I gave tactful publicity to learned professors (providing they were tall), to handsome violinists, to a shrewd corporation lawyer who let me browse in his private library, to a railroad vice-president who poured forth copious language in answer to my questions. Long after it was clear to me that I was only bored by the organization of labor groups I kept on in order to enjoy the conversation and the approval of a certain liberal leader who reminded me of father.

Somewhere I have read of a musical composer who worked best when assailed by the smell of rotten apples, a smell which no doubt evoked an emotional satisfaction of childhood. Before he began the day's work he filled the drawers of his desk with them. In some such way I try before beginning a piece of creative work to talk a bit with some man who is older and presumably wiser than I, whose mind sparkles and who improvises well as he talks.

I am exacting in selecting these fathers. As long as I can believe in the overwhelming superiority of any one of them he casts a spell, and I can put through, after being with him, an enormous quantity of work. But as time goes on the number of such men tends to diminish. At thirty-odd it is hard to find a man who will respond to every question with a cascade of creative talk and who can toss unheard-of systems of philosophy through the air like a juggler's balls. With unfortunate celerity I catch Homer nodding and he is ruined. Often, when younger, I suffered poignant grief when a father toppled; but now I take such catastrophes with philosophy.

I no longer work on movements. My energies are bent on achieving an income which will enable me to write realistic novels. Do I want to do good work for the joy of creative effort, for the satisfaction of putting my life across? I believe I do—yet dimly, as through a vapor, I see the future: my books written, and some very, very great father, Bernard Shaw, Einstein, goodness knows who, coming forward to speak to me kindly and blow off a shower of glittering intellectual sparks—for me, personally.

[*This is the fourth article in* The Nation's *series of anonymous personal records of well-known modern women. The next will appear in our issue of January 5.*]

The French Family Commits Murder

By ROBERT DELL

Paris, November 10

THERE have been few cases in the history of crime raising so interesting a psychological problem as that of Mme Lefebvre, convicted at Douai on October 30 of the murder of her young daughter-in-law and condemned to death.* Here is a cold-blooded and premeditated murder committed without provocation by the highly respectable and respected wife of a wealthy citizen of Roubaix, devoutly religious, professing and practicing the strictest code of morality, and, from the traditional point of view, an irreproachable if irascible wife and mother.

Mme Lefebvre's history is that of any woman of her generation belonging to a "bien-pensante" family of the wealthy French bourgeoisie. She was educated in a convent and brought up under the restriction that French tradition imposes on a young girl. Never, one may be sure, did she read a book that was not "convenable pour la jeune fille" or fail in submissive obedience to her parents. Married at an early age to a husband chosen by her parents, after careful inquiries into the financial situation of his family, she remained true to the traditions in which she had been reared and followed them in bringing up her own family.

The French family of tradition—happily the tradition is beginning to break down—is one of the most tyrannical

* On December 12 President Doumergue commuted Mme Lefebvre's sentence to life imprisonment.

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institutions known to man. The affection of traditional French parents for their children is despotic and they expect their children up to any age to remain under their control. The French mother in particular—for in France the mother rules the household—expects her sons to be tied to her apron-strings as long as she lives and their wives, too, when the sons marry. Mme Lefebvre's two sons had been brought up in this tradition and were completely terrorized by their mother, whose will was their law. In the witness box during the trial André Lefebvre, the husband of the murdered girl, referred to his parents as "Papa" and "Mamma" as though he were a small child instead of a prosperous notary getting on toward forty.

Mme Lefebvre seems never to have liked André's marriage with Mlle Antoinette Mulle. She had consented to it, of course, or it would never have taken place, but not willingly. To begin with Mlle Mulle's *dot* was only 330,000 francs. Mme Lefebvre would have preferred her son to make a richer match. For she possessed to excess what in moderation has always been considered in France to be one of the qualities of a "bonne bourgeoise"—avarice; so much so that the fact was notorious in Roubaix and was the one flaw in her otherwise spotless reputation. Antoinette Mulle hesitated at first to accept André Lefebvre on account of his mother's avaricious and domineering character, but was persuaded by her brother to overcome her hesitation. According to the evidence at the trial, she was fond of her husband after marriage, at any rate, and was evidently an attractive girl with a lovable character. Even the defense could find nothing to say against her.

The short married life of this unhappy young woman was a martyrdom. Her mother-in-law's persecution began two or three days after the young couple had started on their honeymoon. Mme Lefebvre wrote to her son complaining that Antoinette had shown a lack of respect by sending her a post card and demanding frequent letters. The honeymoon was to have lasted six weeks, but before the end of that time Mme Lefebvre ordered her son to return on the ground that he was neglecting his work and spending too much money and said that, if his wife would not come back, he could leave her behind. She had insisted, by the way, that they should travel second-class and stay in the cheapest hotels.

When the young couple were settled in their new home, Mme Lefebvre never left them in peace. She interfered in every detail of their lives and tried to exercise a minute control over their expenditures. It was a crime to spend a sou on a theater, to dance, or to order a new frock. But the greatest crime of all was that Antoinette consigned to the lumber-room an old suite of furniture in a dilapidated condition which Mme Lefebvre had given her for a wedding present, having no further use for it, in addition to a necklace of imitation pearls which she tried to pass off as real ones. Antoinette, who seems to have had a more independent character than her husband, tried to resist her mother-in-law's tyranny, but she appealed in vain to her husband to help her. The miserable creature was entirely under his mother's domination. The girl poured out her woes to her brother, who advised her to try to make the best of it and to be reconciled with her mother-in-law. A reconciliation was arranged, but on Mme Lefebvre's side it was not sincere. Her natural jealousy of the woman whom her son had married—which perhaps no mother entirely escapes—became bitter hatred, and the hatred was still more intensified when she learned that Antoinette was about to become a mother. "Never," she said to her son, "shall you have a child of that race."

On the way back from a stay at Vichy Mme Lefebvre bought a revolver at St. Etienne. One day shortly afterward André Lefebvre took his wife and mother for a drive in his car, at Mme Lefebvre's request. He drove himself and the two women were sitting together behind him. Mme Lefebvre asked him to take a certain lonely road known as the "Way of Solitude" and as they passed a shrine or chapel she had the car stopped while she went in to say her prayers. When they had started off again, she took the revolver from her hand-bag and shot Antoinette dead by her side. André's characteristic exclamation was: "Oh, Mamma, what have you done? How will you ever be able to explain it?" And his mother triumphantly replied: "At last you are free!"

The defense set up at the trial was the only possible one—that of insanity. As usual the doctors differed. But their difference was due to the fact that their points of view were different. The experts appointed by the court unanimously reported that Mme Lefebvre was not insane and was responsible for her actions. From the legal point of view they were undoubtedly right. Mme Lefebvre certainly knew what she was about and was capable of being deterred by fear of punishment. It may safely be said that she would not have committed her crime had she not counted on the leniency of French juries, as well she might. Apart from the almost universal acquittal of wives that have murdered their husbands from jealousy and other protagonists in *crimes passionnels*, a Versailles jury not long ago acquitted a retired officer, also a defender of the traditions of the French family with strict religious and moral principles, who had beaten his small son to death. On the other hand, Professor Maurice de Fleury and the other eminent pathologists called for the defense were also right from their point of view, which was psychological. But the psychological view of crime would produce a change in the treatment of all criminals, if it were adopted by the law. As the law stands Mme Lefebvre's acquittal on the ground of insanity—or abnormality—would have been monstrous.

The most interesting question is how she came to convince herself, as she undoubtedly did, that she was justified in executing the rebel against the sacred traditions of the French family and the lawful authority of mother-in-law. Anybody acquainted with the theories of Dr. Freud will recognize how they fit in with this extraordinary case.

In the Driftway

Had man mastered the secret of flying a thousand years ago, there would be only a few languages in the world today, Sir Alan Cobham, famous British air pilgrim, who arrived recently on his first visit to America, told the Aeronautical Chamber of Commerce last night at a dinner in his honor in the Waldorf-Astoria. By inference, he predicted that aerial transportation eventually will bring all people to the use of a universal tongue.

"It is quite evident," he said, "that, in the main, languages were formed by isolation and lack of communication. Speedy transportation naturally means greater intercourse between the nations of the earth, and this in itself will do much to blend the general trend of thought."

THE above paragraphs from the New York *World* indicate considerable misapprehension in the mind of Sir Alan, his reporter—or both. If, at the moment when Adam

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and Eve were evicted from the Garden of Eden because of abusing the premises, they had been presented with all the means of communication that mankind has today, it is probable that we should not be afflicted with as many languages as now exist. But if this gift had been reserved until the comparatively recent moment of only a thousand years ago, the Drifter doubts if it would have done much more than prevent the various dialects that have grown up within European languages. And if the only gift in the way of communication had been the airplane in its present stage of development, the chances are that its influence upon language would have been a fraction less than nothing at all.

* * * * *

AMONG means of communication that of transportation is by no means the most influential in the direction of a uniform language. We have had ships since the dawn of history, we have had railroads for a hundred years, but they have made no perceptible headway against the barriers of language. The printing press has been the one great and effective agency so far, but although it has been sapping and sharp-shooting for the past five centuries it has done little more than partially obliterate dialects and encourage people to know more languages than one. The fact that the printing press was a going concern when the United States was born doubtless prevented the development of a group of dialects such as grew up in Italy, Spain, Great Britain, and other countries that were settled earlier, but it did not prevent the introduction to the Western Hemisphere of three distinct European languages. What the radio may accomplish in the future nobody knows, but it is unlikely that it will ever be as effective in unifying language as the printing press. So far as concerns the airplane, it is a vast mistake to suppose that speed in transportation is the prime consideration. For most people speed is not so important as cheapness, and the airplane has a long way to go yet before it becomes as cheap as the steamship or the railroad.

* * * * *

AND anyhow why should anybody suppose that it would be a blessing to the world to be reduced to one language? If French were abolished, for instance, restaurants could no longer make up a dinner menu that would seem worth a dollar, while without Latin druggists would have to cut their prices 50 per cent. There are more books and periodicals in English than the Drifter can read now—what would he do if there were a single world language? And suppose this airplane-made universal tongue should turn out not to be English, some of us would have the dickens of a time trying to learn it. THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Treason!

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: "Treason has raised its hoary head"—so begins your editorial of December 1 on tax adjustment. You lament that if a refund were made 80 per cent of it would go to 1 per cent of the taxpayers. This must indicate that 80 per cent of the tax is paid by 1 per cent of the taxpayers. Such a distribution of the tax burden should be entirely to the liking of *The Nation*. Why complain when the movement of the funds is the other way?

"Hit the corporations" has been the slogan of all federal tax legislation to date, especially any sponsored by the radical group whose praises you so earnestly and continually sound. As one interested in several small corporations and holding a tiny interest in some large ones, I have been the unwilling witness and victim of enough injustice in federal tax matters to be just a bit peeved at this editorial.

"If this be treason——" Well, treason's head will be quite a bit hoarier before I change my viewpoint—or get any tax refunds, I'm afraid.

Mankato, Minnesota, November 30 C. R. BUTLER

Another Modern Woman

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: We were packing chocolate-covered cherries on the night shift in a candy factory. We pack from the belt conveyor which carries the candy from the dipping machine through the cooler, and our hands move fast, but we talk. The younger woman wants to know what she is missing by not being married. She makes the older woman answer thus:

"Sure I'm married; do I look like a chicken? Me oldest girl is sixteen. I got six kids. Work hard? My God, with six kids, whatchu think? Yestday I washed eight lines clothes meself. Today I iron them. I work all the time by night in factory. Last week I worked in hemp factory. I give it up, too hard. Me girl she earn good money in factory; but she's girl, she need money herself. Me husband and me we always fight now. I have always to keep still and give in. It looks not nice for the children. I say, 'Yeh, yeh, you right,' and he keep still too. We fight about the children. He wants I should be strict and teach them bedder. I got no time; I should worry what he say. I'm tired of me husband. Sixteen years long time to live with man. Get tired of dress, house, friend, everything, husband too.

"But I'm not crazy. I got six kids. They need father. They need eat. Anyway, who know what devil I get if I leave me husband? I know what I got." And, turning to the younger woman: "You better get married anyway. Married is bad enough, but single is worse."

There is one of These Modern Women for you—an ultra-modern woman, product of our up-to-date industrial system: mother of six, housekeeper for eight, wageworker, all in one.

Brooklyn, N. Y., December 5 S. F. FRIEDUM

The Background of Art

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It seems to me that the issue goes deeper than Mr. Pearson has made it in The Plastic Artist in America in your pages. Until modern times, art has always depended for its patronage either on religion or on some form of aristocracy. Religion being in its very essence mystical naturally sponsors an art that is abstract rather than realistic. The more mystical the religion becomes, the more abstract and expressionist is the art; witness Byzantium. A sophisticated aristocracy dislikes the brutal facts of life and turns also to expressionism in art. Both, then, lead to the same result.

But now aristocracy is dead, and the Christian religion is no longer a patron of the arts. Babbitt has replaced them. What would he want with a Cézanne? He wants facts.

And the modern artist, like all artists, is ruled by the taste of his patron. It isn't his fault that art has become a compilation of "documents"; nor is it Babbitt's. For both are results of a larger force—call it the scientific democratic wave.

Until art shall again have a spiritual emotion to express, or an aristocracy to delight, it will probably remain in its present slump. I think also that Mr. Pearson is perhaps unfair in his choice of authors. Suppose he had picked Sinclair Lewis and Francis Thompson; would opposing critics, authors, and readers agree that they both were artists?

Venice, October 28 GURDON HOWE

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Books and Plays

What Will She Do with Seven Fat Years?

By CLINCH CALKINS

What will she do with seven fat years
Now that her seven lean years are over
Whose throat is baked with the parching tears
She would not shed for a faithless lover?

She is used to a broken pitcher,
She is used to an arid well.
She knows a terrible tale of drought
Which her tongue cannot tell.

To one who has filled, when the fields were failing,
Her empty sacks at an empty grange,
And sought waste grain in an ancient flailing
Enough will be strange.

First Glance

IT is the business of a novelist, as it is the business of any artist who employs the imagination, to show us a world we never saw before and shall never see again. Out of the level chaos of nature he lifts for a moment the peak of his own consciousness; though we shall see other peaks later, we shall not see precisely this one. Even the so-called realist is doing nothing else—at least for me—than I have said, for surely there is no world here and now that all of us perceive alike; the realist gives us a new earth even if he only proves the importance of what we have been looking at all the while.

"H. D.," who might have been expected always to confine herself to the unique idiom of her astounding poetry, has written a novel. But its idiom is not very different from that of her poetry, thanks to three predecessors in prose, Henry James, Virginia Woolf, and James Joyce; and its world is identically the same—though effort is required to perceive the identity. The world of "Palimpsest" (Houghton Mifflin: $3.50) is a wider one than its author has employed before; there are more persons in it, more events that can be given common names. The three separate parts of the narrative have separate scenes—ancient Rome, modern London, and modern Egypt; and though they have a single heroine, she has separate names and exists in separate ages. She is one woman—and so, unmistakably, is all this world one world. It is her world, too, and it is "H. D.'s".

"So sure was that world, so distant, yet so clear, so definite, so precise that no casual treachery could blight it. It was so personal a world that Mavis with all her years of tenuous probings had not even seen it. . . . Behind London there was another London. It was just to keep that other London that she had blinded them all, almost blinded herself by her attitude, her panache, her not quite diminished glory." So speaks Raymonde in the second and best of the three narratives which compose the book. So in different words had spoken Hipparchia in the first, and so speaks Mrs. Fairwood in the third. The three of them are one in their struggle—described with the utmost subtlety—to hold fast some inner world where, and where only, life may go on without interruption in obedience to the necessities of the soul. It is the desperation with which the three women clutch this hidden place that makes "Palimpsest" a peculiarly modern novel; when has it ever been so needful, for those wishing to live, that they should do so privately, guarding with the jealousy of the first Stoics the little or large domain they have marked out for themselves?

It is the form the action takes—if it may be called action—that guarantees the world of "Palimpsest" to be personal with "H. D." I should not like this to be construed too literally. But both Hipparchia and Raymonde are poets. They have been called "cold," the writers of "cold" verses. And Hipparchia can reflect that when her lovers complain of her unfeeling she is at "the very exalted height of ecstasy"; while Raymonde, outwardly composed, knows herself within to be "a sort of lightning-rod for all the meters." This may or may not be "H. D.'s" answer to those who have called her own poems splinters of Greek ice. Those who know them for the passionate things they are will need no answer. They should read the book, however. It is not only a most remarkable and beautiful book; it is as well an explanation and an amplification of our most reserved poet.

MARK VAN DOREN

The "Different" Negro

The Negro in American Life. By Jerome Dowd. The Century Company. $5.

MR. DOWD is not a newcomer in the field of the Negro. He has been studying him for more than twenty years. Though he is a Southerner he has no violent antipathy toward the Negro, even while honestly believing him happiest "in his place." He is affiliated with the Inter-Racial Movement, and he is obviously deeply sincere in his desire to see as little friction as possible between the two racial groups. With such a background, one would expect a pronouncement from his pen to throw important light on the problem.

One realizes with regret, however, that Mr. Dowd's habits of thought have not changed. Some years ago he attempted to make a study of the cultures of Africa. Two volumes of that work appeared, and no more. They are worthless. The slovenliness of intellectual habit shown in them was such as to make them useless for serious reference. The arrangement of the data was careless; Mr. Dowd's sources were most superficial; what monographic material existed was ignored. We have the same use of data in this book; it may be distinguished for its omissions. Unfortunately these include the most recent and important work, mostly published in scholarly journals, and practically unavailable to the general reader. It is obvious that Mr. Dowd does not know these papers. This is true not only in the biological sciences, where such lack of knowledge might be excusable, but in his own field of the social sciences. Let us see how serious these omissions are.

Mr. Dowd first gives a résumé of the historical background of the American Negro. Naturally he refers us to his own work for the African cultures, but not even to mention Phillips's standard work on slavery is inexcusable. Next comes a consideration of the Negro in the North since the Civil War. The thesis is that the Negro does not fare any better here than in the South, though most of the data presented come from sources (with the principal exception of the Report of the Chicago Race Commission) the scholarly character of which is at best doubtful. Then comes a discussion of the Southern Negro. We learn

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that Jim Crow cars are not any worse than the cars used by whites on branch lines, that lynching is bad but that whites are lynched as well as Negroes—always the shading, always the comparison of Negro conditions in the South with those of oppressed peoples elsewhere in the world, on the supposition, I take it, that several wrongs make a right. And, again with few exceptions, neglect of the best source material.

Part Four might better have been omitted. It discusses the part the Negro played in the World War, although just what relation this has to the author's subject is hard for me to see. The usual heroism is remarked, the usual cowardice, and one gains the impression, rather in spite of Mr. Dowd, that Negroes behaved about as the white troops did. We next come to Negro migration, and two naive points—that Negroes didn't migrate from the South because of poor treatment but because of blind economic causes, and that Negro migration hasn't hurt the South anyway because more whites than Negroes have migrated—are developed. The section is short and shortsighted in its discussion, both of the causes and of the results. The bogy of the dissatisfied and trouble-making Mulatto, notably in the person of Dr. W. E. B. DuBois, is held before the reader as the cause of much trouble. And the important work of such men as Charles Johnson and Abram Harris is quite ignored.

We then come to the Negro in literature and in art. Entertainingly enough, whites who write about Negroes are first considered. Octavius Roy Cohen is mentioned, though not Du Bose Heyward, while Thomas Nelson Page is described as "the outstanding literary exponent of the Negro of Virginia"! Then Negroes who write about themselves are mentioned—that is, some of them. Countee Cullen is recognized, but not Langston Hughes; Walter White is mentioned, but not Jessie Fauset or Eric Waldron. In the discussion of Negro folk-songs, Mr. Dowd knows of no one since Krehbiel, in spite of the excellent work of Odum and Johnson, James Weldon and Rosamund Johnson, Dorothy Scarborough, and others. On the stage, we are told of Gilpin but not Robeson. And so it goes.

The final three sections deal with proposed solutions of the Negro problem, the Negro future, and Paths of Hope. First we are told how Mr. Dowd chopped cotton with Negroes, played with Negro children, and all the rest of it. Then a short chapter is given to the argument of those who believe in racial equality—their views, incidentally, being quite misunderstood, since a statistical equality does not argue an individual one. The chapter on the inequality of races is much fuller, and the sources much more complete. It is unfortunate that Reuter's argument as to the social causes for the better position of the Mulatto is included here, as it gives a false impression of the position of Professor Reuter. But then we come to racial differences. Mr. Dowd discusses brain structure, but he does not even mention Bean's well-known work, disproved though it has been. He apparently has not heard of the remarkable work of Professor Todd on anatomical differences between Negroes and whites, or even the army measurements of Davenport and Love. He prefers Burmeister, and, looking in the bibliography, we note the date of this work as 1853! He restates the myths about the thick cranium of the Negro, his peculiar body odor, his lack of ability for sustained effort, and many other things. His chapter on the psyche of the Negro recites all the old standard stereotypes; while in his discussion of intellectual differences between Negroes and whites, Ferguson's monograph, which did most to establish difference—falsely, I think—is not even mentioned. The army psychological-test results are of course quoted, but through a secondary source. The discussion of the biological and psychological results of race mixture shows an extraordinary ability to miss the point of the matter, although the sociological consideration is somewhat better. The notoriously unreliable census figures for the number of mixed Negroes are quoted.

The rest of the book is taken up with a consideration of the solution of the Negro problem. Everything that has been said is repeated in some form or other, and the solution, other than "good homes, less politics, and more vision," consists, as far as I can see, of a pious hope for better relations. That these can come while conviction as to innate invidious differences persists, I cannot believe. And this book strongly hinders its own purpose by bolstering this hypothesis.

MELVILLE J. HERSKOVITS

The Melancholy Bull

Guy de Maupassant. By Ernest Boyd. Alfred A. Knopf. $5.
The Life, Work, and Evil Fate of Guy de Maupassant. By Robert Harborough Sherard. Brentano's. $4.50.

THE works of Guy de Maupassant neither require nor, indeed, permit much critical exegesis. No other writer to whom the adjective "great" could possibly be applied was ever at once so striking and so meager. There is no class of readers to whom his stories are not interesting, yet their limitations are almost as patent as their virtues, and when Mr. Boyd, in the course of his excellent biographical study, has remarked that "whatever power Maupassant's writing had came through the stimulation of two senses, one of which was the sense of vision," he has said nearly all that a critic can say. There is no evidence that Maupassant lacked the power to convey to his reader anything that interested him, but the range of his interests if not his technique was fatally limited. Whatever was visible seemed real to him, but in all the vast world which the eye cannot see only direct sexual attraction was other than an unsubstantial illusion, and his stories, for all the richness of their concrete detail, are either barren of feeling or monotonously insistent upon the one emotion of which he was capable. As his madness closed in upon him he added, to be sure, the nameless fear which possessed him, but the dominant impression which his works leave is of a world curiously desiccated, of life as seen by a man incapable of participating in the majority of the emotions which give it its flavor.

And despite the much-praised objectivity of his method, no deliberate "confessions" were ever more self-revealing. Maupassant was accustomed to boast of his athletic feats, sexual and otherwise, but the impression one gets as one reads the account in Mr. Boyd's vivid pages is that of a man intolerably bored by human existence because certain essential elements of the human being had been mysteriously left out of his make-up. Nothing, not even his own dazzling success, seemed able to lift the burden of his ennui. He was bored by work, bored by conversation, and even, it would seem, bored by the unvaried, unceasing pursuit of women which occupied him from his sixteenth year until he was locked in the cell of the mad house. A psychologist would probably say that his indiscriminate, mechanical amativeness was the result of a "sterility complex," and one of the delusions of his madness, which led him to plant a tree to "grow little Maupassants upon," would lend support to the theory; but women were also, like the boating which occupied much of his time and the rather stupid practical jokes in which he habitually indulged, the refuge of a mind, in many respects essentially childish, which had never learned to occupy itself with mature interests. The deceptive robustness of his physique, coupled with the somberness of his mood, earned for him the title of "the melancholy bull," but he was probably never other than a sick man, suffering from some spiritual malady whose first sign was a sort of atrophy of the soul which never let him enter fully or wholeheartedly into the business of living.

Both the long, rambling, and enthusiastic biography of Mr. Sherard and the succinct, coldly judicious study of Mr. Boyd leave no doubt that the immediate cause of Maupassant's final madness was that "general paralysis" of which syphilis is probably always the necessary condition. To Mr. Sherard it is also at once the explanation of and excuse for all the unpleasant abnormalities of his hero's character; but Mr. Boyd, concerned only with facts, does not undertake to pronounce

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very definitely upon the relation (if any) between this disease and either those of Maupassant's peculiarities which were manifest before its definite appearance or the general characteristics of his work. And yet the question is one obviously relevant in the biography of a literary man in which the description of abnormalities of one sort or another plays a very large part.

"The paretic is both born and made," one authority on the subject once remarked, and another was accustomed to say that it was the result of "syphilis *and* civilization." It is not, that is to say, the inevitable result of infection with *Spirochaeta pallida* but the result of the effect of that organism upon a nervous system already either definitely morbid or subject to unnatural strains; and hence, though Maupassant's end was in no sense surprising, it is in the condition which preceded rather than followed his definite infection that we should look for the most significant signs of any nervous condition which may be supposed to have had a connection with the characteristics of his work. Born of a neurotic mother and of a father who was a notorious rake, his inheritance was bad. One of his very earliest literary efforts deals with two lovers who die of sexual excess, and there can thus be little doubt that long before any acquired infection could have reached his brain he had already been mastered by the morbid preoccupation which remained with him to the end and which hovers over all his work. Perhaps it will remain always impossible to speak with any assurance of the precise nature of his disorder, but it is evident that it had a direct influence upon his work. The higher centers of Maupassant's nervous system never acquired the full organization which would have made it possible for him to understand the life of his fellowmen as they themselves understood it. He remained, in a sense, incomplete, and the effects of that fact can be traced in both the virtues and the defects of his work. Because of it the famous detachment of his stories was possible, but because of it also they represent a vision of a world from which most of what is most characteristically human has been abstracted.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

"Ad Maiorem Gloriam Dei"

Kiddush Ha-Shem: An Epic of 1648. By Sholom Ash. Translated from the Yiddish by Rufus Learsi. The Jewish Publication Society of America.

KIDDUSH HA-SHEM (Sanctification of the Name), for the sake of which tens of thousands of Jews offered up their lives, is merely the Hebrew equivalent of a similar phrase, "Ad maiorem gloriam dei," in the name of which the Holy Inquisition burned them. This may strike an infidel as paradoxical, but it must be remembered that courses in Comparative Religion were not in the curriculum of the theological seminaries of the time. On the occasion of the mass martyrdom of the Jews of the Ukraine, which is the theme of Sholom Ash's epic of 1648, there were other considerations besides "ad maiorem gloriam dei." The Ukraine was then a Polish March, parceled out into vast feudal estates. To the Polish princelings who were the absentee landlords of the Ukraine their Jewish vassals were convenient middlemen, serving as managers of their estates, as tax farmers, and not infrequently (though most unenthusiastically) as garrisons for them in the hostile countryside. To this day in the Ukraine there survive synagogues with projecting upper stories, very much like our colonial blockhouses, which testify to the time when the Jews were not permitted to build a house of worship unless it could be turned into a fort in the event of a Ukrainian uprising. The Polish clergy in their efforts to convert the Greek Orthodox population to Catholicism also made use of the Jews. To degrade the Greek orthodox faith in the eyes of the peasants, the keys of their churches were delivered over to the local Jewish tax farmers, who were thus forced into a dangerous and doubly unpopular role. The result was that when the Cossacks under their hetman Chmelnitzki revolted, the Jewish settlements of the Ukraine were blotted out in an orgy of slaughter and bestiality—unparalleled until the Denikins and Petluras of our own day showed their prowess in the same locale.

It is the impact of these latter horrors that gives force and solemnity to Sholom Ash's narrative, published in Yiddish after the war. To see them in aesthetic perspective he has gone back to the events of 1648; but there is a glow in his recital which is not a reflection from the past. The simple plot from which he projects his epic of a people dramatizes the Jewish settlement of the Ukraine, and from that background marches on to the grand climax of the book—the self-immolation of the Jewish community of Tulchin. Here and there when Mr. Ash leaves his real protagonist, the Jewish People, to take up with mere individuals the epic fluffs out into rather flimsy romance. This is particularly true of the superfluous tinkering with the loose ends of the plot that follows after the magnificent chapters describing the Tulchin episode.

This is the fourth of Sholom Ash's works to be translated, and it makes an important addition to the growing library of Yiddish literature accessible in English. In the efforts to save the expiring language, the most recent suggestion offered is that Latin characters be substituted for the Hebrew. It is a provocative idea, but in the meantime it is advisable to go the whole hog, and, adding English words to Latin characters, translate to safety the best of the Yiddish literary treasures. There is a large-sized, interested public among both Jews and non-Jews. Why the Modern Library, which has room for the masterpieces of so many other languages, doesn't include a single Yiddish title is a mystery veiled in limp leatherette covers.

ALTER BRODY

A Masterpiece in Logic

Statement and Inference. By John Cook Wilson. Edited from the MSS. by A. S. L. Farquharson. Two volumes. Oxford University Press. $10.50.

JOHN COOK WILSON (1849-1915) has long been an enigmatic figure to students of philosophy who have not enjoyed the opportunity of personal residence in Oxford. His name was constantly mentioned with respect amounting to reverence by other British philosophers who acknowledged indebtedness to his views; by Oxonians he was regarded as the most influential teacher of philosophy in the university. Yet he published nothing save a considerable number of textual criticisms on Aristotle and other classical writers and a few articles on military cycling—from neither of which was it possible to gain any very clear idea of his philosophical position! One was obliged to take his importance solely on trust. Hence the unusual interest for the philosophical world of the posthumous publication of Wilson's lectures on logic, the fruit of twenty-five years of application to the subject.

The two large volumes, a model of judicious editing, were compiled by Mr. Farquharson of University College mainly from student lecture notes, supplemented by passages from Wilson's personal memoranda and his correspondence with Bernard Bosanquet and other philosophers. Under the circumstances a certain amount of verbal inconsistency and confusion was inevitable, but despite this the volumes fully justify Wilson's reputation. The work is easily the most important thing in its field in English since the publication of Bosanquet's "Logic" many years ago. It should be read in connection with the latter, since it is largely devoted to a correction of the Bradley-Bosanquet point of view. Those two great writers made of logic the royal road to philosophic idealism, but at the cost of confounding logic with epistemology and metaphysics. Cook Wilson set himself the task of disentangling a logic which should be a science of human thinking, neither more nor less. Opposed to

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idealistic logic, he was almost equally opposed to the symbolic logic of such philosophers as Bertrand Russell. Although himself an able mathematician, he refused to identify logic with mathematics. With something of the type of mind of the great Scholastics, he excelled in drawing subtle distinctions—splitting a hair into a thousand hairs—and yet keeping his ultimate bases close to common sense. Where James and Schiller were helpless before the deadly dialectic of Bradley and could only reply in the different language of psychology, Wilson fenced with a weapon as delicate as Bradley's and met the enemy on his own dueling-ground. Had the two volumes now first published made their appearance a few years earlier they would have played an important part in the contemporary British and American revolt against idealism. Even today, after that revolt has been at least temporarily successful, they may serve to furnish the new movement with the realistic logic of which it stands sorely in need. At any rate, apart from metaphysical implications, Wilson's theory of universals, of statement, of judgment, and of inference henceforth forms an indispensable chapter in the history of logic. Every serious student of philosophy will desire to own "Statement and Inference" as a part of his equipment.

ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES

Smollett

The Letters of Tobias Smollett, M.D. Edited by Edward S. Noyes. Harvard University Press. $3.

SMOLLETT is one of the few important authors of the eighteenth century who have not yet come into their own. No critical biography of him exists and he has not even been admitted into the fellowship of the English Men of Letters series. Up till recently scholars, balked by their ignorance of the facts of his life, have left him and his works severely alone; but apparently Smollett is not to remain in retirement much longer. Last year we had Professor Buck's painstaking study of "Peregrine Pickle," and now Professor Noyes, another eighteenth-century enthusiast from Yale, has brought out a complete collection of Smollett's letters—complete, at any rate, as far as we know. Professor Noyes has been diligent and fortunate enough to run to earth fifteen letters never before published. The remaining fifty-odd letters are now for the first time gathered together and annotated in such a way that Macaulay's schoolboy, or his lineal descendant the man in the street, can understand some of the difficulties that confront the future biographer of Smollett.

This novelist, doctor, historian, playwright, and pamphleteer was too busy and too pugnacious a man to be a charming letter-writer. Whenever he wrote to a friend it was for a specific purpose—often an appeal for financial assistance—and he was hardly ever able to surrender himself, as the great letter-writers have done, to gossip and nonsense. The last letter in the book, an undated fragment, indicates what a delightful correspondent Smollett might have been if he had not been so overburdened with work. "Many a time do I stop my task and betake me to a game of romps with Betty, while my wife looks on smiling and longing in her heart to join in the sport; then back to the cursed round of duty." Smollett was always struggling to keep the booksellers supplied with copy. Sometimes it was a novel, but more often it was mere hackwork—a universal history, a compendium of voyages, or a translation of "Don Quixote."

About half of the letters are written to Scotch doctors, for Smollett's circle was medical rather than literary and he always seems to have preferred the society of his own compatriots. Boswell and Horace Walpole tell us so much about the literary, political, and social life in London that it is hard to remember that there was still a great deal which escaped their attention. They knew little about Smollett's coterie of Scotch doctors, including the Hunters, two of the most distinguished surgeons of the day. Among the other correspondents are Garrick, with whom Smollett quarreled and was afterward reconciled, and John Wilkes, the demagogue. It was to Wilkes that he wrote the well-known letter about Johnson's Negro servant, in which he referred to Johnson as the Great Cham of Literature, and which Boswell misprinted in the first edition of the "Life," mistaking Cham for Chum. As Professor Noyes admits in his introduction, the present collection of letters is interesting chiefly to the special student of Smollett, but for anyone who cares for that vigorous personality this excellently edited volume is indispensable.

ARNOLD WHITRIDGE

Books in Brief

Comparative Philosophy. By Paul Masson-Oursel. With an Introduction by F. G. Crookshank. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.50.

In his introduction Dr. Crookshank expresses confidence that this book "cannot fail to excite interest, to attract attention, and to provoke discussion, if not challenge." Possibly it might have provoked more discussion had it not appeared at virtually the same time as the English translation of Oswald Spengler's mighty work. Masson-Oursel, who never mentions his German predecessor, employs in the narrower field of philosophy proper what is outwardly the same comparative method as that which Spengler employs in dealing with whole cultures. But inwardly there is a difference between them something like that between an eagle and a pair of spectacles. Where the German is bold and dashing, synthetic, recreating whole periods with an imagination at once grandiose and detailed, the Frenchman is cautious and hesitating, analytic, plodding slowly through an intricate forest of facts from which he never fully emerges. And yet the man of laborious talent is superior to the man of swift genius in one respect. Where Spengler repeatedly implies, although magnificently disproving it in his work, that the representative of one culture can never understand the representatives of another, Masson-Oursel's avowed aim is the pursuit of a world philosophy to which each culture shall contribute. And, to render him full justice, he makes no pretension in this volume to do more than indicate the need and possibility of such a philosophy. In this he is successful. After reading the chapters in which he essays the comparison of European, Hindu, and Chinese thought in respect to their logic, metaphysics, and psychology—pedantic as these chapters are—one can no longer limit one's horizon quite complacently to that of the Western world.

Mental Tests. By Frank N. Freeman. Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.40.

The enterprise of measuring general and special abilities has probably more fruits of research to show for a quarter-century of effort than any other single phase of psychological investigation. Professor Freeman's work is an excellently organized and clearly presented summary of this immense field of facts and figures. His historical survey accounts for the present status of intelligence testing, its wide variety of forms, its off-shoots in the way of tests of personality, and the statistical techniques which have been developed to treat the assembled data. The book contains valuable bibliographical references, test reproductions, and an exhaustive inventory of group tests, containing all the information relevant to their administration. The author undertakes an elaborate analysis of the construction of tests, their materials, devices, and scoring, helpful to teachers who would adapt old forms to new uses. The résumé of experimental results adequately covers the fields of education, vocational guidance, and delinquency, but is incomplete in other spheres of application, especially with regard to the phenomena of feeble-mindedness and superior ability.

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The Nation's Poetry Prize

THE NATION offers an annual poetry prize of $100 for the best poem submitted by an American poet in a contest conducted by *The Nation* each year between Thanksgiving and New Year's Day. This year in addition a second prize of $50 and a third prize of $25 will be offered. The rules for 1926 are as follows:

1. Each manuscript submitted in the contest must reach the office of *The Nation*, 20 Vesey Street, New York City, not earlier than Wednesday, December 1, and not later than Friday, December 31, plainly marked on the outside of the envelope "For *The Nation's* Poetry Prize."

2. Manuscripts must be typewritten and must have the name of the author in full on each page.

3. No manuscripts submitted in this contest will in any circumstances be returned to the author. An acknowledgment of the receipt of each manuscript, however, will be sent from this office.

4. No more than three poems from the same author will be admitted to the contest.

5. No restriction is placed upon the subject or form of poems submitted, which may be in any meter or in free verse. It will be impossible, however, to consider poems which are more than 400 lines in length or which are translations or which are in any language other than English. Poems arranged in a definite sequence may, if the author so desires, be counted as a single poem.

6. The winning poems will be published in the Midwinter Literary Supplement of *The Nation*, to appear February 9, 1927.

7. Besides the winning poems, *The Nation* reserves the right to purchase at its usual rates any other poem submitted in the contest.

The judges of the contest are the editors of *The Nation*. Poems should in no case be sent to them personally.

Art

Modern Art: Genesis or Exodus?

TO tell the full story of modern art is to tell, first, how it began with Monet's portrayal of the fleeting aspects of nature and Cézanne's preoccupation with its solidity; second, how it gradually departed from the appearance of reality by which these artists were still bound and plunged into forms of expression whose tendency was to distort, dissociate, dissect reality so far beyond recognition that the morphological identity between the painting and the objects painted was lost; third, how finally a new departure became apparent everywhere which brought together, as it were, the split and broken parts of reality, gave them normal shape and position, and thereby established a sort of new realism which, however, profited by the experiences of the schools immediately preceding it.

The current International Exhibition assembled by the Société Anonyme at the Brooklyn Museum, one of the most comprehensive in recent years, is devoted mainly to the middle phase of the evolution just outlined; the last phase is represented feebly and the first not at all. A brief reference, however, to the first phase—the origins of modernism—will make the status of the exhibition more easily comprehensible. All of the artists mentioned in this article except Monet, Cézanne, Carra, and Herbin are on view at the Brooklyn Museum.

Monet, the most typical of all impressionists, sought to arrest the momentary transient aspects of reality. "Il faut peindre comme peint un rayon de soleil." And since effects of sunlight always vary, Monet painted one and the same field, pond, or church ten, fifteen, twenty times the same day, producing as many different pictures. But as such passing phenomena were of much shorter duration than the process of painting them, the impressionists were obliged to rely on memory as well as observation and to record their impressions by posterior reconstruction.

Precisely this was made the central doctrine of futurism. The futurist picture had to be "a synthesis of what one remembers and what one sees." Only where the impressionists required twenty canvases to paint one object during a single day, the futurists painted on a single canvas twenty positions of one object in motion. And where impressionist pictures always adhered to unity of place and time, futurist pictures disregarded this unity and recorded such snatches of reality—a profile, a room, a park—as may crowd the memory without apparent causal connection.

The expressionists went even further. Instead of the impressionist's visual effects and the futurist's memory images, the expressionist used his art as a means of making his inner urge manifest. Kandinsky, one of the leading exponents of the school, paints color harmonies which, depending on their degree of abstraction, he calls impressions, improvisations, compostions. Like Bergson he has used many an intellectual argument to disprove the validity of reason. He conceives art as born of "an inner contemplation which is inscrutable." Franz Marc also thought of art as religious and metaphysical. His favorite subjects were animals, and he painted them not "as they appear to us but as they really are." The ethereal color harmonies and naive grotesqueries of Paul Klee make him the most introspective of all expressionists. His "disseitig bin ich gar nicht fassbar" is perhaps the limit to which metaphysical aesthetics can go.

Contemporaneous with these subjective movements were movements impersonal and objective stemming from Cézanne. The great aim of Cézanne was to convert impressionism into "something durable like the art of the museums." To this end he substituted solidity, hard outline, mixed tones for the impressionists' airiness, diffused contours, and spectral colors, and devised his formula for representing nature according to the "sphere, cone, and cylinder."

The works of Picasso, Braque, Metzinger, Gleizes, and Duchamp in their first cubist period were much in the manner of Cézanne with perhaps slightly bolder distortion. A logical examination of pictorial laws—"j'aime la règle qui corrige l'émotion," said Braque—led to the decomposition of objects according to their structural articulation and their reconstruction according to plastic considerations of line, plane, color, volume, texture-contrast.

The constructivists—Lissitzky, Moholy-Nagy, Pannaggi—took over from the cubists' geometrization of form and texture-contrasts and eliminated the last vestiges of reality. They sought to relate their work to the present industrial order and scientific progress by using the materials of the one—iron, concrete, glass—and emulating the logical precision of the other. Gabo and Pevsner attempted to substitute the relations of voids for those of solids and thus like Apollinaire's bird of Benin to create masterpieces out of thin air.

Just as the main currents here described reached their culmination, a new turn toward reality made its appearance. The futurists Carra and Severini, who had preached the destruction of museums, now work in a most museum-like manner, as do also the metaphysicians de Chirico and Paladini. The cubists Herbin, Metzinger, and even Braque left dissociation to their followers and took to still-lifes, figures, and landscapes. Although this movement is spreading with amazing rapidity, it is difficult to say where it may ultimately lead. Its artists utilize freely the experiments of their forerunners. The abstract tendencies are still very active. Critics who legislated reality out of art may feel somewhat discomfited; that they should henceforth legislate less readily or that the public should take their casuistry less seriously is perhaps too much to expect.

LOUIS LOZOWICK

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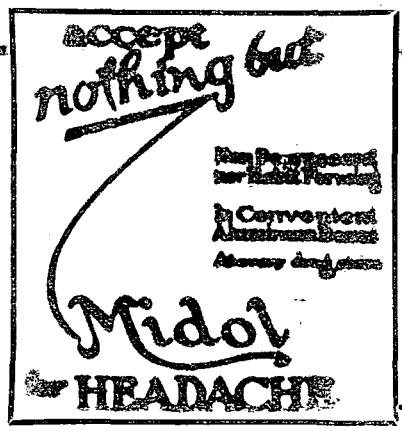

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HALDEMAN-JULIUS QUARTERLY

THE big second issue (256 pages) of the *Haldeman-Julius Quarterly* is now ready—a beautifully printed, intelligently constructive magazine. Excellent contributions—scores of pictures, reproductions of paintings, drawings, etc. The *Quarterly* is highly endorsed by such men as George Jean Nathan, Joseph McCabe, Harry Hansen, John Cowper Powys, Upton Sinclair, E. W. Howe, etc. Comments include: "a remarkable achievement," "an interesting magazine," "informative and unique," "the richest intellectual feast," etc.

The *Haldeman-Julius Quarterly* is a large magazine: the big January number contains 256 pages, and no advertising! A six months' Trial Subscription (see below) gives you this big issue immediately, and also the first issue, making a complete file. The *Quarterly's* purpose and tone is indicated by the contents of the big second number, now ready, as follows:

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International Relations Section

The Real Hungary

By G. E. R. GEDYE

[*Count Bethlen's party, as Mr. Gedye predicted, won an overwhelming victory in the December elections. The voting was done in instalments. On December 8 candidates were elected in 103 districts, in all but four by public balloting. The Government won 102 seats. Wachtler, a Democrat, was the only Oppositionist elected, even Count Julius Andrassy being defeated. On December 10, 91 more districts voted by open ballot; five opponents and 86 supporters of the Government were elected. Among the successful opponents were Count Albert Apponyi and Anton Sigreey, moderate Legitimist supporters of the Hapsburg succession. Hejjas, the terrorist, was elected as a government supporter.*]

Vienna, November 21

THE "Kingless Kingdom" of Hungary, where elections are being held in December, is generally recognized to be an unfortunate country. If the interests of a people are to be identified with those of its rulers, this judgment would have to be revised. No regime in Europe has been more successful in turning national misfortune into personal profit.

Hungary is usually presented to the world as a land of peace-loving, hard-working peasants, crushed by the Treaty of Trianon, yet harboring no revengeful thoughts. It is a country which has been martyred by Bolshevism, say its official propagandists, yet which is now wisely ruled and happy in its parliamentary institutions—a country which enjoys the repose implied by its absence from the columns of the foreign press. Its only desire, apparently, is to be left alone by its neighbors and eventually to return to the monarchy which it abandoned under pressure in 1920.

It is a cleverly drawn picture, but not one which is recognizable by students and friends of the Hungarian people. They see Hungary as a nation in shackles in part forged, in part reriveted by its present rulers. It appears to them as a country artificially maintained in a state of almost feudal medievalism in the interests of an oligarchy, its press muzzled, its people forbidden freedom of speech and opinion—a country in which this oligarchy spends large sums in artificially nourishing dreams of revenge on its neighbors and in secret preparations for their realization. The Magyar rulers seem to impartial observers to be holding in an Eastern bondage an unfortunate subject population which alone of Central European peoples fails to participate in the new liberties acquired by its neighbors.

I do not wish for one moment to minimize the injustice done to Hungary by the vindictive Treaty of Trianon. Desirable as it was that her non-Magyar subjects should be freed from compulsory allegiance to the Thousand Year Kingdom which in a thousand years had failed to assimilate them, it was not right or expedient that on all debatable points their wishes should have been made law. The boundaries of Hungary were drawn with little regard to her national claims or to her economic needs. It may be doubted, however, whether the bulk of the Magyar population thus placed under alien rule has suffered more than those left to the tender mercies of the Magyar oligarchy.

In Czecho-Slovakia, Rumania, and Jugoslavia, if he has been oppressed in the matter of language and education, the Magyar peasant has shared in the distribution of land which followed the break-up of unwieldy latifundia. In Hungary there has been nothing but a mockery of land reform; the adult peasant labors on the land of his lord from sunrise until sunset for the sum of tenpence per day, his wife and children for sixpence or sevenpence. Yet the Esterhazy family owns more than three-quarters of a million acres of land, of which Count Paul Esterhazy alone owns 300,000 acres. More than eight-and-a-half million acres—33 per cent of all the arable land in Hungary—is owned by only 1,130 landowners. If you visit any Hungarian landowner, keep your hands thrust deep into your pockets, unless you wish to have them kissed by the first cringing peasant who realizes that you are a guest of his lord. Before every motor-car on the rough tracks that do duty for roads in Hungary the peasant stands with bowed head, hat in hand.

Count Michael Karolyi, the well-meaning but unsuccessful president of the short-lived Hungarian Republic, is always spoken of by the present rulers as "the Traitor"—and justly, for did he not try to institute land reform and thus betray what its rulers understand by "Hungary"—the interests of the oligarchy? Since Bolshevism ousted him and gave place in its turn to the White Terror, every precaution has been taken to fasten the yoke more firmly on the neck of the peasant. Though school attendance has decreased and school hours have been reduced the number of teachers has been nearly doubled, the additional personnel having for its main task the teaching of nationalism. In their free time the smaller boys learn the elements of soldiering in "Pathfinder" organizations; from the ages of 14 to 21, by the law of 1923, youths are forced to join the "Levente" and to attend its drills. This organization is supervised by officers of the old army, and is simply a militia disguised as a gymnastic association. Thus is the prohibition of military training set at naught. Where formerly a gendarmerie post of six men sufficed for six to ten villages, there is now one such post in every village. No wonder that 65 per cent of the national and municipal revenues of Hungary is spent on government servants.

Liberty fares little better in the cities, where misery—invisible to casual visitors who admire the flamboyant beauty of the wealthy quarters—is so extreme that in Budapest alone there were recently sixteen suicides in one day. In the courts prosecutions for speaking against the Regent, Admiral Horthy, are numerous, and savage sentences are inflicted. Perhaps the most useful weapon for stifling public opinion is the law making it an offense to say or write anything which might damage the name of the country abroad. It can be imagined, perhaps, to what an extent this is stretched to cover any utterance disagreeable to the ruling classes. The press is under special disabilities; the sale of any paper on the streets can be prohibited by a simple departmental order. In the same way, a paper can be suppressed for any length of time; there is no trial in the courts and no remedy.

To glance at three outstanding examples of the work of the law courts in the past twelve months may be instructive. Last year, Edmund Beniczky, a former Home Secretary, asserted that the Regent, Admiral Horthy, had been privy to the White Terrorist plot to murder Somogyi, a Socialist editor; he stated that, as Home Secretary, he himself had cognizance of the orders given by the Regent to prevent the punishment of the murderers. Finally, he

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declared that Count Bethlen also knew of these matters and that his—Beniczky's—statements were absolutely true. He was sentenced to three years' penal servitude after a trial which took place for the most part *in camera*, but was released after a few months. Count Bethlen made no statement on the matter.

Last winter, after strong pressure had been exercised by the French, Prince Louis Windischgraetz, M. Nadossy, Count Bethlen's all-powerful Police Minister, and other Hungarian aristocrats were put on trial for the forgery of franc notes. They declared that they had acted from patriotic motives in the interests of Hungary (that is, the oligarchy). Count Bethlen testified at the trial as to Prince Windischgraetz, saying: "I know him as a gentleman and I know him to be incapable of having acted from sordid motives." Before the Parliamentary Committee of Inquiry Count Bethlen admitted that he had learned of the proposed forgeries as early as 1921, and had given instructions that they were to be stopped. The sentences imposed on the forgers were amazingly light and have just been reduced.

This summer Rakosi and Weinberger, two Communist leaders, and their associates were put on trial. These two men had held office under the Communist regime in Hungary and had returned from Russia to try to organize a new Hungarian Communist Party. Nothing worse than this was proved against them; they were sentenced to eight years' penal servitude apiece, double the sentence imposed on the franc-forgery ringleaders. During the trial prison doctors proved that the prisoners had been brutally beaten by the police to extract confessions; the judge brushed aside the admitted evidence as unimportant, saying to the defense, in effect, "Well, all right, they were beaten. What of it? Get on with your case." This torture of prisoners is, in fact, an accepted thing in Hungary. As to the past horrors of the White Terror, these do not bear description. The White Terror murderers are unpunished, though they are all known, and one of the worst of them, Ivan Hejjas, who had nearly 200 persons, including his own brother-in-law, done to death in the wood of Orgovany, is standing as a candidate at these elections.

How is it that liberal opinion abroad knows so little of the real Hungary? Soon after the advent of the present regime Count Bethlen received the sage advice: "Get the City and Wall Street behind you, and the British and American press will be bound to follow." Every demand of international finance was complied with and foreign capital attracted to the country. The direction of press propaganda in Great Britain and America was placed in skilful British hands. Every endeavor was made to propagate the legend of "Count Bethlen, Hungary's Strong Man," and to suggest that if he were upset only Bolshevism would follow and invested capital would be lost. Hence it would be dangerous to publish anything unfavorable to his regime. The Hungarians saw to it that any British or American journalist coming to Budapest was carefully nursed; lavish hospitality, apparently spontaneous, was dispensed on a regular system, and the visitor shown just what it was desirable for him to see. Some visitors have even found very useful financial tips being tendered them. Resident Hungarian correspondents of British papers, if they were not already connected with the Hungarian Foreign Office, could always be dealt with by the methods applicable to all other Hungarian subjects. Determined and skilful attempts were made by British agents of the Hungarian Government to discredit with their papers in London and New York all

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persons writing in Hungary who were not resident in Budapest and therefore largely immune from the combination of flattery and subtle threats employed there.

What of the future? Count Bethlen has rushed through Parliament a House of Magnates Act consolidating the oligarchy and benefiting the Hapsburg archdukes. With the open ballot in 218 out of 240 constituencies, where the peasant has to declare on the hustings before the magistrate, the gendarmes, and his feudal lord whether he is for or against the Government, the latter is sure of another obedient majority. Whether or no Count Bethlen's motive in suddenly ordering an election for no apparent reason is to try to restore the monarchy, the people of Hungary will have no chance of voicing their will at these farcical elections. How long they will remain mute and helpless under the heel of the dictator it is impossible to say. Intolerable oppression provokes in time desperate and terrible remedies, and international finance should remember that, backing Hungary, it backs a medieval tyranny.

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